

ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE

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ARLINGTON, MASS., OCTOBER 26, 1901.

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FITTING OBSERVANCE.

Cornwallis Day at Lexington, Saturday—Sons of American Revolution View Historic Ground—Speeches by Local Citizens.

Lexington welcomed about two hundred members of the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, last Saturday. It was Cornwallis day, and in keeping with the occasion the Massachusetts society invited its friends to join it in a field day in Lexington. The cars from Boston brought the crowd to town by 10.30 o'clock.

In charge of the party was Rev. C. A. Staples, who knows the historic part of Lexington better than almost any other inhabitant. Under his leadership the society was taken from Munroe Tavern to the battle-field, where he pointed out the four historic monuments which tell of the struggle that took place there over a century and a quarter ago. Mr. Staples then conducted the party down to the old burying ground, where he gave a short sketch of the lives of many of the heroes whose remains are still resting there, thence to the belfry, and then to the Jonathan Harrington house and up the street to the Hancock-Clark house.

After visiting a few other landmarks, the crowd assembled in the Unitarian church, where President Brown welcomed the guests and thanked the regent of the Lexington chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution, who had adorned the pulpit with a large American flag and a bunch of roses. Then he introduced Mr. Staples, who read a highly interesting paper on "How the News of the Battle of Lexington Was Received in England." His paper told how the first news to reach England came from America, who, anxious to be looked upon in a favorable light, sent a ship to England on a ship which left Salem four days after General Gage's report had gone, but which reached England eleven days in advance of the other news. The news on the ship made a great sensation. Two papers which favored the cause of the Colonists were sued by the government. One man, the Rev. John Horne, who showed his interest in the American cause by making an appeal for funds for the American widows and orphans of the soldiers killed in battle, was tried, fined 100 pounds and imprisoned for a year.

The speaker gave a sketch of this man's life, declaring that he was the truest friend America had in England for a long time. After the services in the church, dinner was served by Caterer Hardy to about 275 people, in the town hall, where the whole company rose, and sang the flag of the nation and society as they were brought to the front. A short prayer was made by Rev. Charles F. Carter, and then the feasting began. After dinner, President Brown welcomed the guests and friends of the society and presented John F. Hutchinson, a member of the board of selectmen, whose speech of welcome was hearty and cleverly delivered.

James P. Munroe, introduced as a descendant of one of the oldest residents, and spoke in which he showed his admiration for the society and its splendid work it is continually doing in promoting patriotism and preserving the patriotic monuments.

Rev. Charles F. Carter drew some moral hints from the memorials on Lexington common. The monument, with the inscription from the pen of the ministerial patriot, showed the religious motive; the meeting house, where town meetings were held, showed the stand taken for statehood and citizenship; the tavern bespoke the strength and freedom of public speech and opinion; the home of Harrington, where, at his own door he fought and was killed in one of the most important battles of history, demonstrated the domestic phase of the struggle. The house of Parson Clark emphasized the share which personal leadership took in the event.

Rev. Edward A. Rogers told some interesting stories of the times and in the course of his remarks, in contrasting Europe and America, he said, "But America has what the old world never will have—and is opportunity." Closing, he also declared that in a time of need the American patriot is ever ready and eager to make any sacrifice for his country.

The day was, as a whole, a red-letter day for the members of the society as well as for their friends.

WORK TO BE PUSHED.

The contract for constructing the new Lexington high school building has been awarded to H. B. Cummings & Company, of Ware, Mass., who are the parties that built the Hancock school house about ten years ago. The basement walls are to be laid this fall; and then, after covering and protecting them against frost, the work will be suspended until the weather shall be favorable for building operations in the spring. August 15, 1902, is the date fixed for completion of the building, with a penalty of \$50 per day for any delay beyond that time.

The building committee, in obedience to what appears to be a strong public sentiment, has caused to be inserted in the contract a provision for the substitution of exterior stone and metal trimmings (columns, cornices, etc.), in place of wood, at the option of the town. It is proposed to hold a town meeting between now and February next for the purpose of giving the voters an opportunity to pass and decide the question whether such substitution of the more costly and durable material had best be made.

The contract contains also the following special provision, of interest to local contractors, laborers and mechanics: "That in all work let out by H. B. Cummings & Company for which parties in Lexington desire to compete, they shall be given an opportunity to do so, and shall be given a preference in employment, other things being equal; and also that Lexington mechanics and laborers shall be offered employment, on equal terms with the other help, on the portions of the job not sub-contracted, in so far as they seek it and are competent."

It is the wish of Messrs. Cummings & Company that all persons desiring to compete for any job, or procure employment on the building, should make early application at their office in the John Hancock building, 178 Devonshire street, Boston.

Belmont and Waverley

BELMONT.

The station agents of the town are always very fortunate in securing prizes for the displays about their stations during the season. Jos. McDermott, at the Central Massachusetts depot, at Waverley, secured a seventh class prize of \$5, and Charles McCarthy at the Fitchburg division depot secured a fifth class prize of \$10, while "Capt. Dean, of the Massachusetts Central division depot, at Belmont, also secured a seventh class prize of \$5. The Massachusetts Central division agent at Waltham secured a first class prize of \$50.

Dr. Elizabeth B. Newman has re-opened her office on Pleasant street, near Moore street.

The girls' high school basketball team defeated the boys' high school team by a score of 12 to 9, Wednesday.

Miss Alice Winn, the last year "lady champion" of the Arlington golf club, has again earned that title. She has met all her opponents and defeated them very easily. She deserves great credit for her pluck and good playing. She is certainly a great golfer, and the prospects are good that she may some day be one of the leading golfers in the country.

The Plymouth Congregational Sunday school will give a harvest concert in the church tomorrow evening at 6.30. Gifts of fruit, vegetables and harvest products will be received Saturday afternoon, and after the concert will be shipped to Boston and distributed among the worthy poor.

The congregations are increasing both morning and evening, and new ones are always welcomed. Tomorrow morning the pastor will preach on the subject, "Fruits."

The Ladies' aid of the Plymouth Congregational church will hold a free social Wednesday evening, beginning at 8 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

There will be a meeting of the Unitarian parish Thursday evening. Among other business, the resignation of the pastor, Rev. Hilary Bygrave, will be considered.

The Belmont club is now booming. Arrangements are being made for a fine series of social evenings.

Schools were closed yesterday on account of the teachers' conventions.

Rev. Hilary Bygrave spoke at the Unitarian church, Sunday.

There will be a change of time on the Fitchburg division of the B. & M. R. R. tomorrow.

WAVERLEY.

WAVERLEY UNITARIAN SOCIETY.
Rev. C. H. Allen, pastor. Services every Sunday morning, 10.45. Sunday school, 12 m. Young People's Religious union first and third Sundays, each month, 6.30 p.m. All invited.

WAVERLEY BAPTIST SOCIETY.
Rev. H. P. Smith, pastor. Services in Waverley hall, Sunday school, 12.15 p.m. Preaching service, 7.15 p.m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening, 7.30.

LOAN COLLECTION OF ELSON PRINTS.

Waverley hall was adorned artistically, Wednesday and Thursday, afternoon and evening, with a loan collection of Elson prints.

The collection exhibited consists of about 150 prints, including famous statues, buildings, paintings and places of historical interest, all of which are suitable for use in school decoration and study.

This exhibition was given under the direction of a committee of Waverley and Belmont ladies, of which Mrs. J. L. Ellis is chairman and Mrs. J. H. Edwards secretary. The proceeds acquired by the charge of a nominal admission fee will be used to provide mural decorations for the new Daniel Butler school at Waverley.

Wednesday evening a stereopticon lecture was given by Prof. Ward, describing different eras and studies of art. Thursday evening was school evening. A number of pupils from Miss Freeman's and Miss Dean's classes were present and furnished music and recitations, affording an informal discussion of suitable school subjects was given.

It is hoped that with the proceeds of this exhibition and the subscription fund now being raised, the walls of the new building may be interestingly and artistically decorated.

KENNEY-ROGERS.

Miss Henrietta D. Rogers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Rogers, of Trapelo road, was married at her home, Sunday evening, to Harry H. Kenney, of New York city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George P. Gilman, in the presence of a few relatives and friends. Mr. and Mrs. Kenney have gone to New York city, where they will reside.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Ellis went to New Hampshire last week to attend the funeral of Mr. Ellis's sister.

The Congregational Sunday school gave its annual harvest concert Sunday evening. The service, which commenced at 6 p.m. and lasted two hours and a half, was very bright and interesting. A number of the chorals and recitations were new and exceptionally appropriate. The program was arranged by Superintendent Carpenter, who was assisted by his corps of teachers.

The Waverley Unitarian Sunday school will give its regular concert festival in the church tomorrow afternoon at 4. An interesting service is promised.

The Waverley Tennis club will commence its season's course of dances Thursday evening, with a Halloween sheet and pillow case party in Waverley hall. The committee having the affair in charge hopes to eclipse all previous social successes of the club. The committee consists of Messrs. Harry B. Stearns and S. D. Davis, and Misses Helen Smith, Mildred Houlahan and Sadie E. Ross.

Rev. Mr. Allen's subject last Sunday was "The Necessary Imperfection of Human Nature." He related Hawthorne's story of a beautiful woman who had, on her cheek, a slight birthmark, which her husband tried to remove by a goblet of magical fluid, but as it faded away, the life breathed her last, for this birthmark had grappled with the mystery of life. When the last token of human imperfection disappeared, she could not be kept in this world. "We idealize even the best characters," said he, "for all have faults, and we are fond of forgetting those faults and thinking only of the ideals to which they looked up, but did not attain. Why is it that even the best men are faulty? It is because human nature, like everything else, is in

(Continued on Page Eight.)

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Belmont Centre.

SECRET SESSION.

Arlington Improvement Association Holds It But Selectmen Do Not Appear.

Newspaper Men Ordered to Leave the Room—Strong Talk Feared Over Question for Discussion—Town Affairs and Condition of Town Treasury a Topic of Interest—Articles Offered for Town Warrant, Calling for Report from Town Officials and an Investigation.

The three members of the Arlington board of selectmen failed to attend a meeting of the Arlington Improvement association at Odd Fellows hall, Tuesday evening, to which they had been invited, and two newspaper men who were there to make reports for their papers were ordered out. The selectmen did not appear nor did they reply to the invitation extended them, for they did not desire to place themselves in a position which would be perhaps awkward, inasmuch as they spoke, their remarks would be taken as official, and no report from the selectmen will be made to any private organization before it is made to the whole town. The press was excluded in order to keep the arguments, if any, from being laid before the townspeople. In fact a veil of secrecy hung over the meeting for a time and an effort was made to keep the doings of that organization from the public, but some of the members who did not believe there was anything sacred about the inner workings of the association gave the facts to the newspaper men who were excluded from the hall. The paper men following the usual custom, presented themselves at the usual hour and expected from what had been rumored upon the streets for the few days previous that there would be developments of a nature interesting to the general public. While waiting for the meeting to be called to order, they were asked to leave the hall as the meeting was of a private nature, so it was said. Thereupon Arprise, and Henry A. Kilder, a Boston Herald representative, were obliged to depart. Charles S. Parker, editor of the Advocate, refused to leave as he was a member of the association, and was there as such. Mr. Parker said he saw no reason why the press should be excluded, and did not think other newspaper men should have been ejected.

When Mr. Parker was asked, however, thought differently, and said non-members could be excluded at the discretion of the president. William H. No. 1 of the Boston Globe, was on his way to the meeting when he was told he would not be admitted and thereby escaped the ejection.

The meeting was not so lively as was expected from previous reports, although some strong resolutions were adopted, which are to be inserted in the warrant for the coming town meeting. A few speeches were made in an attempt to draw the members into a discussion of town affairs, notably the condition of town treasury, but the expected did not materialize to any great extent.

The announcement of the meeting is issued to the members of the association was to the effect that two questions would be considered, "the advisability of an electric railroad through Pleasant street, and the advisability of the insertion of articles in the next town warrant relative to the present condition of the town." The latter subject was the one which was expected to develop a sensation in view of the deficit in the town's funds that has been developed in the past few months, and it was on this supposition that some 60 or more members were in attendance. Before the meeting opened, President Warren, who had stated that he had personally invited the members of the board of selectmen to be present and answer questions regarding the condition of the town's affairs. No answer to this invitation is now received, and neither were any of the selectmen present.

The first discussion came over the question of allowing a railroad in Pleasant street. Frank W. Higgins, a member of the association, was authorized to appear before the selectmen in opposition thereto. This resolution was supported by the Hon. J. Q. A. Brackett. Frank Higgins, of the Arlington park commission, said the boulevard had been permanently dropped. The reason given by him and William A. Muller was lack of interest on the part of the townspeople notwithstanding the fact that the town voted several years ago to appropriate \$45,000 to buy land for the boulevard, which vote has never been rescinded. Charles S. Parker protested to suppress publicity evidently having a depressing effect on them. The articles as adopted were:

"To hear and act on the report of any official board of officials or committee that may be offered converging on the recent, present and past condition of the town treasury, and the clerical department of the town."

"To see if the town will appoint a committee of five to fully investigate the past and present condition of the town treasury, and do all things necessary to enable them to make a full report, showing the actual condition of the town, and make an appropriation to cover the cost of any action taken."

After the meeting there was an informal discussion among the members on the various points at issue, and the subject of the ejection of the press representatives was also talked over. A few of the members thought it a good and wise plan, while others believed it

was for the interest of the town to have the public affairs discussed freely and reported freely so that all the voters might be given food for thought and reflection.

One of the members of the board of selectmen said Wednesday the reason why none of the members were present was because when a report of the town's affairs is ready to be given out, it will be taken to the whole town and not to a private organization. He did not believe it would be the proper thing for the selectmen to be made the target for questions by any association, and more particularly so when he was informed that the press was excluded. He says the selectmen will make their report as soon as they are ready to do so.

HALL WAS CROWDED.

Court Pride of Arlington, Foresters of America, did itself proud Thursday evening with its first grand social and entertainment at the Arlington town hall. To say the hall was crowded does not express it sufficiently. Every seat was taken, extra chairs were used, and many stood around the sides and in the rear of the hall, while others who came late were obliged to go away without so much as a peep on the inside. The entertainment was an elaborate one, and the committee in charge had been hard at work for several weeks in arranging it. It began shortly past 8 o'clock with a piano solo by Miss Agnes Geary, which called for an encore. A soprano solo, "Won't you be my sweetheart," by Miss Ella F. Hannan, was well appreciated, and a baritone solo by Oscar Koppitz with a splendid performance on the cornet. Fred W. Derby, of Arlington, gave two very fine selections on the violin and maintained his reputation as a master of the art. S. Willson Bailey, a member of the company, gave a humorous and novel monologue by Thomas H. Blibber, keeping the company convulsed with laughter. Two splendid baritone solos were given by Dudley M. Hanson, whistling solos by LeBaron Sheriff, tenor solos by Martin M. Kelley and readings by Miss Isabel McCarthy. There were several numbers down on the program which were not given, but it was nearly 11 o'clock before the performance was concluded, and then the company was ready for dancing. Condit's orchestra of Boston furnished the music, and the dancers made merry until a late hour.

The committee and other officials in charge of the affair were: Floor marshal, D. M. Hooley; floor director, P. J. Melly; assistant floor directors, John F. Dacey, James Monroe; aids, Dr. F. H. Clock, C. W. Groesbeck, P. H. Huse, Galvin, John Dale, H. J. Green, Dr. R. McDonald, Theodore Belyea, Thomas A. Dinneen, John H. Hughes, John J. Leary, Vinal Allen.

IS NOT A SPIRITUALIST?

A Boston paper is authority for the following statement concerning Mrs. L. E. Piper, of Arlington Heights: Mrs. Leonard E. Piper, of Arlington Heights, the trance medium of most of whom the society for psychical research has for the past 14 years conducted its most important investigations, has severed her connection with that society.

In a long article in the New York Herald, and signed by herself, Mrs. Piper says that she desires to become a free agent and to devote herself to more congenial pursuits than that of giving trance sittings. She thinks that the world at large has derived sufficient benefit from the investigation of her case to warrant her continuing in the trance state.

Mrs. Piper also makes the interesting statement that she has always believed that the spiritualistic or psychical phenomena which have accompanied her trance sittings could be explained in other ways than on the theory of disembodied spirit forces. She is inclined to believe that telepathy or thought transference, affords a sufficient explanation of most of the trance phenomena. After 14 years' connection with the Psychical Research society, Mrs. Piper says that she has no more definite knowledge of the subject of spirit return than she had before. She has never considered herself a spiritualist, and she does not believe it can be scientifically proved that we can hold communication with the so-called spirit world.

At any rate, Mrs. Piper does not believe that the spirits of the dead have spoken through her when she has been in the trance state. Dr. Richard Hodgson, who has been the champion of Mrs. Piper's mysterious powers for years and secretary of the American branch of the Psychical Research society, says, however, he had had a sitting with Mrs. Piper last Monday and that he was going to have some more sittings with her in the near future—sometime in January.

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THE ENTERPRISE.
Saturday, October 26, 1901.

ANTI-IMPERIALISM.

In a remote southern village, noted during the slavery period for the unanimity and aggressiveness of its sentiment in the question of slavery, every white man, woman and child believing it to be a divine institution, there still lives an old Jacksonian Democrat wholly unconvinced to freedom. He lived through the war, in which he actively participated, and denounced with great vehemence the emancipation proclamation. He saw the slaves emancipated and for 35 years he has beheld them pursuing their vocations as free men; but he is wholly unconvinced. He is an anti-emancipationist today, just as much as he was forty years ago. That emancipation is a fact doesn't influence him in the slightest. He is against emancipation today and always. "I am opposed to it. I am opposed to it," he says. "The nigger is a born slave and he ought not to be freed."

The anti-imperialists of Boston remind us of our old Louisiana friend. They are opposed to the annexation of the Philippines, notwithstanding the fact that the Philippine islands have been annexed. They hold meetings and publicly declare annexation to be unconstitutional notwithstanding the decision of the supreme court that it is constitutional.

There is one thing they do not do. They do not any longer asseverate that Aguinaldo is another George Washington. Aguinaldo has sworn allegiance to the United States, therefore Aguinaldo is no George Washington. But of what earthly consequence is it to anyone, but themselves, what the select and consequential, but numerically insignificant, anti-imperialists may do or say? They are opposed and they will continue opposed. Opposition is to them the breath of life, especially when they may enjoy the great pleasure of opposition to a Republican administration. To all, but themselves, they are a weariness and a nuisance.

The Philippine islands belong to the United States of America. They are the property of the United States and, if, in course of time, in generations, or in centuries, the inhabitants of the islands become competent to govern themselves, they will be accorded self-government to the full measure of their preparedness. It will not be a simple matter to educate a totally inexperienced people in the art of self-government; but the people of our new possessions in the Pacific give great promise of rapid progress, as the progress of races along the pathway of civilization is timed.

President Roosevelt will carry out the policy of his predecessor; and it is our belief, as it is our hope, that the time is not far distant when the islands now known as the Philippine islands will be known as the McKinley islands.

Judge Dewey says that his decision as to what constitutes "drunkenness" in the law was made after long consideration. How very singular that with hundreds of cases before him, he should have "happened" to give the public the benefit of his cogitations when a noted and famous politician was before him for trial. If the defendant had been less conspicuous, the decision would have attracted less attention.

Boston is not making as much demand for young men as some other cities do. Mayor Hart and Would-be-mayor Collins were young a good many years ago, but they have recovered from it. Bostonians seem to prize experience in their officials.

Col. Watterson for president! The colonel really takes himself too seriously. He should stick to his scissors and paste pot, and not think of politics.

Faneuil Hall, the "cradle of liberty," is a nice place to rock the Democratic baby, and the cradle songs are sung in perfect "Harmony."

WHEN FLORA DRIVES.

When Flora drives, I just sit back and smile. Enjoying her discomfort awhile. Before I act the part assigned to me. She takes the ribbons almost savagely. Soon as we lose the haunts of trade and guile.

The cue is taken soon. In sleepy style. Old Dobbin ambles up the woodland aisle. It's just as well, perhaps, he cannot see when Flora drives.

She says I take advantage—would revile My thieving ways. Her tears are crocodile! She makes me thief with opportunity. I tell her so. And she relents? Not she! But that's the shortest, most delightful mile When Flora drives.

—Edward W. Barnard in Leslie's Weekly.

EXTREMES IN THE SHOPS.

Poor Girls and Rich Women Who Alike Want Scraps of Goods.

The girl's clothes were neat and her face was pretty, but she looked rather out of place in an ultra fashionable and high priced Broadway dry goods store. One would expect her to do her shopping in another quarter of the town where the stores are more crowded and the fabrics not so costly. Her air showed entire self possession, however, when she strode up to a cloth counter.

"Have you anything to match this?" she asked, turning up the sleeve of her jacket.

"Hum, let me see," said the man behind the counter. "How much would you want?"

"Only a small piece," said the girl promptly. "I've got to wear this jacket another season. It's worn a little on the edge of the sleeve there," pointing to the frayed part, "and I want just enough to make a new cuff for it. I thought maybe you'd have a scrap that you had no use for."

"I see," said the clerk, eying her in no unkindly way. "How would this do?" and he showed her a strip of cloth which he took from a box on the shelf.

The girl laid the fragment on her coat and made a critical comparison.

"That's the very thing I want," she said finally. "But there isn't quite enough in this piece."

"Are you sure it won't do?" asked the clerk.

"Yes," returned the girl, looking wistfully at the cloth. "I'm sure it's not enough."

The clerk leaned over the counter and glanced keenly up and down the aisle. Then he pulled down a roll of the goods which matched the girl's coat and, cutting off about a quarter of a yard, handed it to her.

"Take it along, miss," he said good naturedly. "I guess you've got enough now for the cuffs."

The girl thanked him, smiling brightly, and hastened from the store with her prize.

"Do you have many calls like that?" asked a woman who was buying dress goods at \$4 a yard.

"Oh, my, yes," returned the clerk—"a good many. And we always try to accommodate them. It's only by helping each other that we get along in this world. That girl is a dressmaker's messenger. Her wages are small, very small, yet she has to keep herself looking neat. Of course we don't make a business of giving away our goods. That would hardly do. But in a store of this kind the clerks in charge of important counters have privileges not enjoyed elsewhere. We have a stock of odds and ends on hand at times and we are allowed to give them away if we see fit."

"Don't you ever make a mistake?" asked the customer bending over to examine the sixteenth roll of cloth submitted to her inspection.

"Well, yes, now and then we do get fooled," replied the clerk. "Sometimes women whom we know can well afford to pay for all they need come begging for a scrap of this or a fragment of that, but they don't interest us now as much as the rich women who come to buy small pieces to patch their husband's clothes. You'd scarcely believe it, would you? Well, it's so, just the same. Take Mrs. —, for instance," and the clerk named the wife of a very rich man. "She often comes to me for small pieces of lining and other cloth to repair her husband's garments. And she never makes any fuss about telling me what she wants the stuff for either. There are others, too, I could name, some of whom have accounts running into the thousands every year."—New York Sun.

Bagley's Revenge.

On one occasion, just previous to opening in one of the large eastern cities, Joseph Jefferson dismissed his property man, Bagley, for humiliating him before a number of friends by familiarly addressing him as "Joey." Bagley got drunk right away and that night paid his way to the gallery to see Mr. Jefferson present "Rip Van Winkle." The angry frau had just driven poor, destitute Rip from the cottage, when Rip turned and, with a world of pathos, asked, "Den haf I no interest in dis house?" The house was deathly still, the audience half in tears, when Bagley's cracked voice responded, "Only 80 per cent, Joey—only 80 per cent."

Women's Higher Education.

Edith—Look, papa; now are you satisfied with my report? Art and music, good; astronomy, physics and chemistry, very good; logic, excellent—

Papa—I am much pleased with the report. Likewise with the method of your teacher and also with your prospects for the future. Now if you can only get a young man that understands housework, has a smattering of cooking, knows how to embroider and perhaps understands even to run the sewing machine I think you can look forward to a serene and happy married existence.—New York Times.

A Singular Marriage Custom.

A curious custom exists in the Prussian royal family of selecting every July a half dozen young couples too poor to marry and having them wedded in the garrison church at Potsdam on the anniversary of the death of Queen Louise of Prussia. After the ceremony each bride receives a gift of a sum equivalent to about \$125 and a handsome family Bible.

Children.

The children of selfish parents are generally well behaved. Father and mother are too careful of their own comfort to be willing to stand any fooling.—Somerville Journal.

Some men resemble lobsters; they turn red when they find themselves in hot water.—Chicago News.

It always amuses people to see little dogs fight.—Atchison Globe.

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Geo. D. Moore, president; R. Walter Hilliard, secretary; W. A. Peirce, treasurer. Meets in banking rooms of First National Bank, first Tuesday of each month at 7.30 p.m. Money offered at auction at 8.30.

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Bank building, corner Massachusetts Avenue and Pleasant Street. William G. Peck, president; J. L. Blaisdell, secretary and treasurer. Open daily from 3 to 5.30 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.
Meets first Monday in each month at clubhouse on margin of Spy pond. Admission fee, \$10; annual dues, \$15.

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Meets by invitation fourth Tuesday in each month.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.
Hiram Lodge.
Meets in Masonic hall, corner Massachusetts Avenue and Medford Street, Thursday on or before the full moon.
Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter.
Meets third Tuesday of each month in Masonic hall.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.
Bethel Lodge, No. 12.
Meets in Odd Fellows hall, Bank building, every Wednesday evening, at 8.
Ida F. Butler Rebekah Lodge, No. 152.
Meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in Bethel lodge room.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.
Circle Lodge, No. 71.
Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts Avenue, at 8 p.m.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.
No. 109.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month in K. of C. hall, over Shattuck's store.

ROYAL ARCANUM.
Menotomy Council, No. 1781.
Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month in Grand Army hall, 370 Massachusetts Avenue, at 8 p.m.

UNITED ORDER INDEPENDENT ODD LADIES.
Golden Rule Lodge, No. 51.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, the second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.
Francis Gould Post, No. 36.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts Avenue, second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

Women's Relief Corps, No. 43.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts Avenue, second and fourth Thursday afternoons of each month, at 2 o'clock.

SONS OF VETERANS.
Camp 45.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, on the third Wednesday of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.
Meets in St. John's Parish house, Maple Street, second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.
Division 23.
Meets in Hibernian hall, corner Mystic and Chestnut streets, first and third Thursdays of each month, at 7.30 p.m.

Division 43.
Meets first Tuesday in each month, at K. of C. hall.

FORESTERS OF AMERICA.
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Meets in K. of C. hall, the first and third Mondays of each month.

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Arlington Heights Branch.
Open Tuesdays and Saturdays from 1 to 6; 7 to 9 p.m. Thursdays, 3 to 6, 7 to 9 p.m.

TOWN OFFICERS.
Selectmen meet at their office in town hall on the last Monday evening of each month, for approval of bills. Regular meetings each Saturday evening.
Town clerk and treasurer, office hours, 9 a.m. to 12 m.; 2 to 5 p.m.; also Mondays, 7 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 12 m. only.
Board of health, on call of chairman.
Engineers fire department, Saturday before last Monday, each month.
School committee, third Tuesday evening, monthly.
Sewer commissioners, on call of chairman.
Trustees of cemetery, on call of chairman.
Water commissioners, first Saturday in each month.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Hose No. 1, on Park Avenue; Hose No. 2, on Massachusetts Avenue; Menotomy hook and ladder; Hose No. 3, on Broadway; Brackett's chemical; Eagle hose, Henderson street.

ARLINGTON FIRST PARISH.
(Unitarian.)
Corner Massachusetts Avenue and Pleasant Street, Rev. Frederic G. Hill, pastor. Boards with Mrs. J. C. Harris, 23 Academy Street, Sunday morning preaching service at 10.45; Sunday school at noon, except July and August.

ARLINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.
Services on Sunday in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts Avenue. Rev. Charles H. Watson, D. D., minister. Residence, 26 Academy Street. Sunday service at 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school at noon hour; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15 p.m.; evening church service at 7.15 o'clock.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS BAPTIST CHURCH.
Cor. of Westminster and Park Avenues. Sunday services: morning worship and sermon, 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening service, with short talk, 7 p.m. Weekly prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.45 p.m.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Services in Union hall. Sunday school, 11 a.m.; Epworth League, 6.30; preaching, 7 p.m.; prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Rev. Walter Grant Smith, pastor.

ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL.
Corner Pleasant and Maple streets. Rev. Samuel C. Bushnell, pastor; residence, 41 Maple Street, opposite the church. Sunday services at 10.45 a.m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.30 p.m.; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Friday evenings, at 7.30, social service in vestry.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST.
Massachusetts Avenue, opposite Academy Street. Rev. Harry Fay Flister, pastor, Gray Street. Sunday services in the morning at 10.45; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Y. P. Union at 6.30 p.m.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL.
Corner Academy and Maple streets. Rector, the Rev. James Yeames. Sunday services at 10.30 a.m.; other services according to church calendar.

PARK AVENUE CHURCH.
(Orthodox Congregational.)
Corner Park and Westminster Avenues, Arlington Heights. Rev. John G. Taylor, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.45; Sunday school at 12.15; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.30 p.m.; Sunday afternoon at 2.10, Junior C. E. meeting; Friday evening at 7.45, prayer meeting.

ST. AGNES, CATHOLIC.
Corner Medford and Chestnut streets. Rev. John M. Mulcahy, pastor; Rev. A. J. Fitzgerald, Rev. A. S. Malone, assistants. Reside at parsonage, 24 Medford Street, next to church. Mass at 7 and 9 a.m.; high mass at 10.30; Sunday school at 2.30 p.m.; vespers at 3.30 p.m.

ARLINGTON LINE BIBLE SCHOOL.
Corner Massachusetts Avenue and Tannery Street.
Services—Every Sunday afternoon at 3.30; preaching at 7.30 Sunday evenings; Thursday evening meeting at 7.45.

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LOCATION OF BOXES.
4—Jason St.
13—Cor. Henderson and Sawin Sts.
14—Cor. Mass. Ave. and Teal St.
15—Cor. Mass. Ave. and Lake St.
16—Cor. Mass. Ave. and Linwood St.
17—Lake St., opp. D. Wyman's house.
21—Union St., opp. Fremont.
23—No School.
23—Junction Broadway and Warren St.
24—Beacon St., near Warren.
25—On Wm. Penn. Hose House.
26—Cor. Medford St. and Lewis Ave.
27—Cor. Mystic and Summer Sts.
28—Mystic St., near Fairview Ave.
32—Pleasant, near Lake St.
34—Cor. Pleasant and Gray Sts.
35—Wellington and Addison Sts.
36—On Town Hall—Police Station.
37—Russell St., cor. Russell Terrace.
38—Academy St., near Maple.
39—Cor. Mass. Ave. and Mill St.
41—Mass. Ave., near Schouler Court.
43—Cor. Summer and Grove Sts.
45—On Highland House House.
46—Brattle St., near Dudley.
47—Junc. of Mass. Ave. and Forest St.
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Belmont.
Rev. Hilary Bygrave, pastor. Morning service, 10.45; Sunday school, 12 m.
PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Belmont.
Rev. Elbridge C. Whiting, pastor. Morning service, 10.30 o'clock; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening praise, 7; weekly prayer meeting, Tuesday, 7.45 p.m.
ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.
Belmont.
Morning services at 8.30 and 10 o'clock; Sunday school, 9.30; vespers, 7.30.
ALL SAINTS' CHURCH.
(Episcopal), Belmont.
Sunday school, 10 a.m.; morning service, 11; Reginald H. Coe in charge of parish.

WAVERLEY UNITARIAN SOCIETY.
Rev. C. H. Allen, pastor. Services every Sunday morning, 10.45; Sunday school, 12 m.; Young People's Religious union, first and third Sunday each month, 7 p.m. All invited.

WAVERLEY BAPTIST SOCIETY.
Rev. H. S. Smith, pastor. Services in Waverley hall; Sunday school, 2.45 p.m.; preaching service, 7.45 p.m.; prayer meeting, Thursday evening, 7.30.
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Waverley.
Rev. Geo. P. Gilman, pastor. Morning service, 10.45; Sunday school, 12 m.; Young People's Society, Christian Endeavor, 6.15 p.m.; evening service, 7.15; prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.30.

ROYAL ARCANUM.
Waverley Council, No. 313.
Meets in Lodge hall, Waverley, second and fourth Tuesday evenings each month.
INDEPENDENT ORDER ODD FELLOWS.
Trapelo Lodge, No. 228.
Meets in Lodge hall, Waverley, every Monday evening.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.
Belmont Lodge.
Meets on the first Thursday of each month, at Masonic hall, Belmont.

BELMONT FIRE ALARM.
2. No School.
3. Concord Ave., near Myrtle St.
4. Cor. School and Goden Sts.
5. Cor. Clark and Thomas Sts.
6. Cor. Waverley and Common Sts.
7. Concord Ave. (Opposite E. A. Atkins).
8. Horse House.
9. Cor. Pleasant and Clifton Sts.
10. Prospect St.
11. Cor. Pleasant and Brighton Sts.
12. Cross St.
13. Brighton St. near Hill's Crossing depot.
14. Cor. Common and North Sts.
15. Cor. Common and Washington Sts.
16. Belmont St. cor. Oxford.
17. Cor. School and Washington Sts.
18. Grove St.
19. Town Farm.
20. Waverley St.
21. Cor. Lexington and Beech Sts.
22. Cor. Church and North Sts.
23. White and Maple Sts.
24. Mill St. near J. S. Kendall.
25. Trapelo road, Agassiz St.
26. Spring lane.
27. School St. near Hittinger.
28. One blow for test, at 5.55 a.m., 4.55 p.m.
Two blows when fire is all out.
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An Ingenious Treatment by Which Drunkards are Being Cured Daily in Spite of Themselves.

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CHILDREN CURE YOUR FATHERS!!
This remedy is in no sense a "cure," but a specific for this disease only, and is so skillfully devised and prepared that it is thoroughly soluble and pleasant to the taste, so that it can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it. Thousands of Drunkards have cured themselves with this priceless remedy, and as many more have been cured and made temperate men by having the "CURE" administered by their wives, mothers and relatives without their knowledge in coffee or tea, and believe today that they discontinued of their own free will. DO NOT WAIT. Do not be deluded by apparent and misleading "improvement." Drive out the disease at once and for all time. The "HOME GOLD CURE" is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, thus placing within reach of everybody a treatment more effectual than others costing \$25 and \$50. Full directions accompany each package. Special advice by skilled physicians when requested without extra charge. Sent prepaid to any part of the world on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. B 680 EDWIN B. GILES & COMPANY, 2330 and 2332 Market Street, Philadelphia. All correspondence strictly confidential.

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With college record and degree,
She has not known the path of fame;
The world has never heard her name.
Home is her kingdom, love her dower;
She seeks no other way of power.
Around her childish hearts are twined,
As round some reverend saint enshrined,
And had all poetry and all good
In her divinest motherhood.
She keeps her faith unshaken still;
God rules the world in good and ill.
This old earth's a brighter place
All for the sunshine of her face.
Her very smile a blessing throws,
And hearts are happier where she goes.
A gentle, clear eyed messenger,
To whisper love—thank God for her!
—L. M. Montgomery in Congregationalist.

THE BAY OF THE DEAD

A Story of Piracy and a Hidden Treasure.

For years the deep and tortuous and great bays on the Labrador coast afforded a safe haven to bloodthirsty pirates and rovers of the seas who, driven by hot pursuit from more frequented waters, repaired to this northern shore to mend their shattered vessels. Here during the short summer they recovered from their wounds; here, too, they secreted their booty; here perchance the long sought treasure of Captain Kidd may be hidden. Who can tell what secrets are held forever in the recesses of these wave beaten and rockbound shores? Wondrous traditions are told of hidden wealth on Labrador, and that these are not old men's tales this true story of Manning may convince the reader:

Toward the close of the eighteenth century a Scotchman named Manning settled on the Labrador coast and alone and unaided followed the rough and precarious calling of a fisherman. At the close of each season he visited Newfoundland to dispose of his catch to the English traders, buy his stock of provisions and then return to his lonely dwelling to pass the long and dreary winter. For several years he led this life till, by his economy having amassed a few hundred dollars, a great longing seized him to see his native land. Accordingly he crossed the Atlantic, and during the round of visits to his Scotch friends he met a bonnie lass whom he persuaded to share his Labrador home. Fitting out a small vessel or schooner, he set sail for America with his young bride and a crew of hardy settlers and their families. This was in the year 1800.

But after twelve months of industry at Labrador Manning grew restless and persuaded the most active and daring spirits in those parts to join him in a new project. Toward the latter part of October, 1807, he placed his effects on board his vessel and quietly slipped out of the harbor, determining to lead a life of piracy. All his old habits of thrift and industry seemed to have left him, a very demon of adventure seemed to have driven out his better feelings and wiped out all natural affection, for with heartless cruelty he basely deserted his wife and young child. A stranger in a strange land, far from home and kindred, the fate of the unfortunate woman is not known. Most probably she did not survive her cruel treatment long.

On the coast there is now a small settlement called Mutton Bay or Meccatina Harbor, and about a mile east of this settlement is a deep inlet called by the French "L'Anse aux Morts," or Bay of the Dead. This bay is screened alike from the fury of the sea and the observation of passing vessels by a small island which is easily mistaken for the mainland. Under the rugged and frowning cliffs which overhang the Bay of the Dead, so called because an old burying ground was there, Manning and his companions landed. Securely sheltered, there they perfected their plans for a life of piracy and bloodshed, and in truth no spot could be more admirably adapted for such a conclave.

The course taken then by vessels on their way to Quebec from Europe was through the strait of Belle Isle, close to the north shore of the St. Lawrence and just outside of the island behind which Manning and his crew lay in hiding. At that date a packet was sent out annually by the British government with the pay of the forces stationed in Canada on board. Manning knew this only too well and was on the lookout for the vessel. Unsuspecting of danger, she neared the island, when Manning, with his ship, darted suddenly from his place of hiding and swooped down upon her. She fell an easy prey. Her unfortunate captain and crew were butchered, the treasure removed, the vessel scuttled and no trace of the foul deed left. At Quebec the overdue ship was anxiously looked for, but hope died out at last, and it was thought that she had succumbed to the fury of the Atlantic. The following year another packet was sent out, and she shared the fate of her predecessor.

The loss of two vessels and their crews in such a short time aroused suspicion, and a third was sent out, but with her a man-of-war. All went well till the vicinity of the Bay of the Dead was reached, when the man-of-war having fallen far astern, the pirate schooner darted out, quickly captured the packet, secured the treasure and destroyed all the crew with one exception. This was a negro whom Manning wished to keep for a servant. This man, hoping to propitiate his captor, told him that the man-of-war was close behind them. The news so alarmed the pirate that he beat a precipitous retreat to the island. That night another dread crime was added to the long list already committed by the bloodthirsty wretch. Fearing discovery and believing in the adage that dead men tell no tales, he changed his mind about the negro. He resolved to bury his treasure, and under cover of a blinding storm, while the thunder rolled and the lightning cleft the sky, he collected his ill gotten gains into five small casks.

With the assistance of the negro he placed them in as many holes dug in the old burying ground of the Bay of the Dead. Having accomplished this, he suddenly sprang on the unfortunate negro and plunged a knife into his heart. As the lifeblood slowly ebbed away he twisted the limp form of his victim around the central cask. At this dread moment the old Scotch superstitious nature asserted itself, and he believed that the "wrath" of the negro would keep guard over the treasure, preventing any

adventurous outsider from unearthing it. He then heaped up the earth over the five casks in the form of graves, judging that no French habitant, whose reverence for the dead is proverbial, would molest them, and at each apparent grave he placed a stone to carry out the illusion.

At dawn the pirate sentinels saw the man-of-war sailing toward the western passage and heading toward their retreat. Sail was quickly set, and the schooner escaped through the eastern outlet. The storm of the previous night still raged wild and fierce. The sea was lashed to fury. The waves ran high, striking the vessel with resistless force, throwing her on a sunken reef. With despairing shrieks and prayers to the God whose laws they had outraged her wretched crew were launched into eternity. All were thought to have perished.

Twenty years passed, a new generation grew up, and the story of Manning and his exploits was well nigh forgotten. Then, as now, trading vessels from Nova Scotia frequented the coast to supply the scattered settlements with the necessities of life, receiving in return furs and fish.

In the year 1830 the captain of one of these vessels happened to be in an inn in Halifax talking over his summer voyages while smoking a pipe with a friend. They observed that an old man sitting at a table near them, sipping his whisky and water slowly, appeared highly interested in their conversation.

When Captain Black left the inn, the old man followed him into the street and eagerly questioned him about the Labrador coast. Before they parted he made the captain promise to take him to the Bay of the Dead the following spring. Captain Black had harbored there once during a great storm. In the spring, when the warm rays of the sun had loosed the icy barriers of the coast, Captain Black, mindful of his promise, sought the mysterious old man, but found him dying of fever. Amid the ravings of delirium the astonished and horror stricken captain was told a tale of murder, bloodshed and robbery on the high seas and of the hidden treasure of the Bay of the Dead.

Manning (for the dying man was none other than the notorious ex-pirate), with blasphemous curses, foretold death and destruction to any one who should attempt to secure the ill gotten wealth. In a paroxysm of fear and despair he died unrepentant, unabsolved. The captain was too bold a man to be deterred from seeking the treasure by a dying man's curse, so he immediately set sail for the Bay of the Dead.

The weather being foggy and the coast dangerous, he approached with the utmost caution. Within a few hundred yards of the coveted goal, the burying ground, a strange faintness came over him, and his limbs refused to bear him. Eager to secure the treasure which had from long brooding become his sole object in life, he, with a great effort, dragged himself to the bow of the vessel. At that moment the ominous words, "Death, death, death," sounded in his startled ears.

A mortal fear overspread him, and he had barely sufficient strength to order the crew to put about. The sailors, wondering at the strange conduct of their captain, obeyed just in time to prevent striking a sunken reef. Among the crew of Captain Black's vessel on this occasion was a lad of some thirteen years of age, Ricketts by name. The captain had made rather a pet of this boy and during the long voyage had related to him the story of Manning. Thirty years passed, and no further attempt was made to wrest the wealth from its ghostly keeper. In the year 1860 Ricketts, then in middle age and living in the United States, was a haunted man.

In dreams and in his waking hours the apparition of Manning followed him, urging him to go to the Bay of the Dead and secure the treasure. Old inhabitants of the coast say that in that year, 1860, a strange vessel flying the American flag sailed into the harbor of the Bay of the Dead. The captain, whose name was Ricketts, hired a fishing boat and while ostensibly engaged in fishing operations spent a great part of his time in exploring the shore and digging. After a month spent in this mysterious way he departed, returning, however, the following summer.

Again he was watched and from the burial ground at the Bay of the Dead was seen to unearth a large wooden box or cask, which he carried off with him. Again, so late as 1880, a strange American vessel paid mysterious visits to the bay. Their object was and is a subject of endless conjecture among the fisher folk.

There are now many graves at the Bay of the Dead, and the good people of the coast, with their great respect for the dead, disturb them not to search for hidden treasures. It cannot be asserted positively that the treasure of Manning has been torn from its hiding place and the spirit of the murdered negro released from his long and faithful vigil. But it is a sure and certain fact that a dweller under the cliffs of the bay has of late, without apparent effort, become very wealthy, and rumor hints of treasure trove. Such is the story of Manning as related by a native of that bleak and desolate coast, and, though the mellowing hand of time has thrown a halo of romance over the picturesque Bay of the Dead and the deeds done there, the main facts are well established.

Wanted Five Cents' Worth of Ozone.
A woman rushed into a drug store the other day. In one hand she carried an empty quart bottle and in the other she tightly grasped a five cent piece.

"Let me have five cents' worth of ozone at once," she said to the druggist.
"What did you say, madam?" the druggist asked.
"Some ozone."
"Why, madam, there's ozone in your bottle now."
"Sir, I do not want to be insulted," replied the woman indignantly. "I know what the doctor told me to get, and if you don't keep it let me know. Have you got any ozone or not?"

"Well," said the druggist, very deliberately, "ozone" is an element in the air we breathe, and unless the air in your bottle has become contaminated it has about as high a percentage of it as any I have in the store. I would suggest that possibly your physician meant that you should get some benzoin."
"Oh, yes," hastily replied the woman, "that's it. I knew it was something like ozone."
She took the five cents' worth of benzoin, which was almost lost sight of on account of the ozone which still remained in the quart bottle.—New York Times.

The Explanation.
Jones (referring to the pleasant faced lady who has just passed)—Ah, my boy, I owe a great deal to that woman.
Brown—Indeed. Who is she?
Jones—My landlady.

LUCK IN ODD NUMBERS.

Numeral Nine Said to Be One of the Most Fortunate.

My particular idiosyncrasy, says a writer in Notes and Queries, is in favor of odd numbers. How I acquired the harmless passion happened in this way: Among my school fellows was a Turkish lad who was the first to point out to me a curious law of numbers. We would take a string of figures at random, which we added up in lines till they totted to a resultant number nine or not. If they "showed up" nine we declared them lucky; if not, not. For example, take numbers 187245 equals 9. So ingrained is this meaningless habit that I never buy a railroad ticket without submitting its number to this ridiculous scrutiny. Many a time I have puzzled myself as to the origin of this silly habit, yet it would appear that the affection for number nine displayed by this lad reached Turkey via Arabia.

According to the anonymous author of "Table Talk," published by Charles Knight in 1836, long residence in Cairo by the famous traveler J. L. Burckhardt had also rendered him susceptible to the strange fascination of odd numbers. He spent many years in collecting a storehouse of Arabian sayings illustrative of the manners and customs of this enlightened people; but, strange to say, he stopped short at the number 999, "adopting," says my authority, "a notion prevalent among the Arabs that even numbers are unlucky and that anything perfect in its quantity is particularly affected by the evil eye." Whereupon the writer proceeds to give an instance that came under his own notice. At that time there lived in Islington a wealthy cow-keeper named Rhodes, who made many futile attempts to keep 1,000 cows on his premises in a thriving condition at one time, but was invariably baffled. He could, however, keep 999 without experiencing any loss of stock.

A similar prejudice the author discovered to prevail in his journeyings through the remoter districts of France, Spain, Italy and Switzerland. Jews have for ages paid special veneration to the number seven and its multiples, though a strong partiality for minyan, or number ten, has been fostered by the rabbis in the dicta of Ethics vi, 9. This prayer is impossible in synagogue without a quorum of ten. I was told a funny story about it the other day by a scholarly contributor to Notes and Queries. Some years ago, being in Prague, he strolled one Sunday evening inside the old synagogue to have a quiet look around. Suddenly the voice of prayer startled him out of his musings. The beadle had mistaken him for a regular worshiper who was late in arriving to form the regular number, or minyan.

POINTS OF LAW.

Acceptance of goods sold may precede delivery.

Where the minds of the parties do not meet there can be no valid contract.

Ignorance of law, not induced by fraud, will not relieve one from a settlement.

A continuing guaranty may be revoked on notice, unless its terms expressly forbid.

The interstate commerce commission has no power, express or implied, to fix maximum rates.

The interest of insured in a policy on his life is contingent and therefore not attachable to debt.

Where a creditor purchases at execution sale he is entitled to have the payment of his debt credited on his bid.

Specific performance of an agreement relating to personal property will not be compelled when compensation in damages furnishes a satisfactory remedy.

Where a chattel mortgagee sells property and applies the proceeds on his debt he is not liable to garnishment, although the mortgage was invalid as to the mortgagee's creditors.

A mortgage of book accounts, describing them as "all books of account and accounts and notes contracted and to be contracted from the sale of merchandise," theretofore mortgaged, and described as situated in a certain building, sufficiently described the accounts as between the mortgagee and third persons.

—Jewelers' Circular Weekly.

London Is Built on Sponges.

The sponge which you see in the shops ready for toilet use or which you may chance to observe when dragged from its holdings in shallow water does not strike you as likely to form a very solid foundation for building purposes. Yet London is built on sponge.

Of course the statement requires a little explanation. The flint that forms the substratum of London soil is nothing but petrified sponges; if you examine the fossil sponge, or flint, with a glass, you can see the structure of the animal. They are in layers.

In the southeast of England the flint is found under the chalk beds, but in the Thames valley the water has gradually washed away the chalk and left the flint. "As hard as flint," although perfectly correct, sounds rather strange in the light of the above facts.—London Standard.

Children In Sweden.

One of the most attractive features of Swedish life to strangers is the politeness of the children. As soon as a boy is able to stand on his legs he is taught to make a bow and to shake hands, and a little girl must be able to make a bob courtesy before she has learned to talk. As soon as the right hand is known from the left it must be offered in greeting or when a gift or favor has been received, and one of the first words learned by the children after "papa" and "mamma" is "tack," the Swedish term for thanks. It is heard more frequently than any other word in the language.

The Vampire.

The following is taken from the Japanese papers:
"A vampire was caught the other day in a cavity of an old tree in Ginnan, near Nagasaki, by the woodcutters employed by Mr. Suzuki, a match manufacturer. The body of the animal measures one foot and the tail six inches. It is said to possess two large wings, with which it covers the face of the victim whose blood it sucks."

Vegetation In Hawaii.

Parsley once sown in Hawaii grows forever, apparently. Lima beans continue to grow and bear for over a year, and they have to be gathered every week after starting to bear. Cucumbers bear the entire year, and so do tomatoes, which, with proper attention, bear for years. Raspberries bear for six months.

PHILANTHROPY DOES NOT PAY.

Discouraging Experience of the Fat and Energetic Man.

A wagon heavily loaded with paving stones was moving slowly along the street car tracks.

The motorman of the street car immediately in the rear was shouting and ringing the gong.

"Get out of there!" yelled the motorman.

"I'm gettin'," apathetically answered the driver, leisurely turning his horses to the right.

The horses succeeded in pulling the wagon partially off the track, but the front wheels sank into a hole in the worn out pavement and refused to move any farther.

In vain the driver used strong language and the horses tugged.

They could almost do it, but not quite. A large, beefy policeman standing near looked on impassively. There was no emergency calling for his interference, and he didn't interfere.

But an equally large and beefy passenger, with broad shoulders, thick neck and a hand like a smoked ham, became impatient.

"All they need," he said, climbing out of the car and addressing the driver, "is a little help. Get down off that wagon and take hold of this front wheel."

"I guess not," replied the driver mournfully, "I ain't paid for pullin' this wagon."

"You're not paid for stopping a whole carload of passengers, either. Get down off that wagon, or I'll pull you down, you ugly brute."

"Get down!" yelled a dozen passengers. The man slowly climbed down.

"That takes a hundred and sixty pounds of hog off the load," commented the aggressive passenger, stooping down and grasping a spoke of the wheel nearest him. "Now hold the lines in one hand, speak to your horses and pull up on that other wheel. Ready! Now!"

The horses tugged, the big man heaved with all his might, and the wagon moved off the track.

There was a cheer from the passengers, the conductor gave the bell two quick rings, the motorman turned on the power and the car dashed ahead, leaving the large, beefy man standing in the roadway, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief and gazing with open mouthed bewilderment at the vanishing car.

"Well, by dang!" was all he said.

Sometimes it doesn't pay to be a benefactor to one's fellow men.—Chicago Tribune.

USE OF PERFUMES.

The Habit a Good One From a Hygienic Standpoint.

A considerable difference of opinion exists in regard to the propriety of using scent upon the person. The practice is of oriental origin and had for its original object the desire to make the person pleasing to the opposite sex.

It should be remembered that the basis of all perfumes is an essential oil of some kind, derived either from flowers or leaves or artificially by a synthetic process. In either case the essential oil is a powerful antiseptic and possesses disinfecting properties not less in degree than those of carbolic acid itself. As is well known, the essential oils absorb atmospheric oxygen, forming an unstable compound easily lending oxygen for the work of purification. Pine oil, eucalyptus oil and turpentine act readily in this manner—a fact which probably accounts for the salubrity of the air of pine forests and eucalyptus woods.

The use of scent by many women is excessive and by men is looked upon as effeminate—a prejudice that we confess to sharing—and yet the question naturally arises, "As we study our environment to please the eye by color and natural effects and to please the ear by musical notes, why should we not make similar endeavor to please the nose by agreeable and fragrant odors?" Each sense may suffer offense, and there is no reason why each sense should not be equally defended in this regard. And the use of scent on the pocket handkerchief, which is where we commonly find it, is calculated to exercise a higher office than merely to please the sense of smell.

The handkerchief may easily prove a source of infection, for it is made to be the common receptacle of secretions from the nose and mouth, and the employment of an antiseptic handkerchief is perfectly consistent with the dictates of common bacteriological evidences. The liberal use of scent on the handkerchief is calculated to make it antiseptic and to destroy the germs in it, owing to the action partly of the spirit of the scent and partly of the essential oils dissolved in the spirit. Before, therefore, we condemn the persons who use scent upon the handkerchief for practicing a foolish or luxurious habit we should remember that they may actually be doing good to their neighbors by checking the distribution of infectious materials.—Lancet.

The Ghetto.

Mr. I. Zangwill, the famous Jewish author, once wrote the following letter as to the derivation of the word "ghetto": "I don't think any quite convincing etymology of 'ghetto' has been adduced, though the most likely connection is with the 'ghetto,' or iron foundry, in the quarter of Venice to which the Jews were assigned in 1516. As this was the first compulsory Jewish quarter in Italy the others were called by the same name. Possibly it may come from 'gheto,' a bridge. That 'ghetto' means to purify gold and silver has also been suggested. But these two suggestions come to me only as I write."

Making a Steak Tender.

If tender steaks cannot be obtained, buy good splitbone steak and purchase the supply two days ahead. Lay the steaks in a large platter, mix equal quantities olive oil and vinegar and pour over the steaks until every portion is marinated. Allow them to stand in this from twenty-four to forty-eight hours in the coldest part of the refrigerator. The result will be steaks in which every portion is as eatable as tenderloin. The splitbone is an ideal boarding house steak; there is scarcely a morsel of it that cannot be served.

Poor Chumpleigh!

"Why, pa, this is roast beef," exclaimed little Willie at a dinner on the evening when Mr. Chumpleigh was present as the guest of honor.

"Of course," said the father. "What of that?"

"Why, you told ma this morning that you were going to bring a 'muttonhead' home for dinner this evening."—Philadelphia Press.

Consentions.

Among the questions sent out by a school-examiner was the following example in arithmetic: "If one horse can run a mile in one minute fifty seconds, and another a mile in two minutes, how far would the first horse be ahead in a match race of two miles?"

A scholar returned the question with this attached, "I will have nothing to do with horse racing."—London Answers.

A Widower's Wives.

The worship of a first husband or wife does not necessarily exclude affection for a second. I had a relative who presented colored glass windows that cost £1,000 apiece to churches in memory of his first wife when he was walking about London with his second wife.—Mrs. Crawford in London Truth.

ACTOR'S WIT AVERTED RIOT.

How John Brougham Restored Peace With a Well Turned Joke.

"There have been a good many stories told of the quick wit of actors who have turned an accident or a panic or a row into a joke," said an old time actor the other day. "A good many of the stories are fakes, I suppose," he continued, "but some are true, and there are lots that have never found their way into print. The press agent wasn't as numerous or as clever in the old days as he is now."

I remember an instance in which John Brougham carried off a most difficult situation by a clever bit of improvisation and saved the old Winter Garden in New York from the disgrace of a riot. It was the first night on which he played his burlesque "Columbus" there, and the house was filled with his friends.

"Among the most enthusiastic of these friends were a great crowd of Fenians, headed by Mahoney, the man who had just then been elected president of the Irish republic at the old Fenian headquarters in Seventeenth street. There was a jollification in honor of his election, and as he was a personal friend of Brougham's it was natural that he and his followers should buy up nearly all the orchestra seats in the house for the opening night, as they did."

"I was in the cast, and so was Jack Studly, but if anybody else in the company is now alive I don't remember who it is. I played the part of a big Indian, who first appeared on the stage as a messenger bringing dispatches from Washington."

"Just as I came on a discussion that had sprung up among some of the excited Fenians developed into a quarrel. The house was already disturbed, and there was every prospect of a fight in the orchestra in another minute."

"I delivered my message and Brougham replied to me in the words of the piece:

"'Confound you, have done!'"

"Then turning from me to the footlights he went on, as if it was a part of his speech:

"'Or would you, like a band of Fenian brothers, all flame abandon to defame each other? If with such sentiments I sent out any, remember, I'm head center here, Mahoney.'"

"There was a roar of laughter from the whole house at this, and the Fenians joined in it as heartily as any one else. There was no further talk or indication of trouble and the play went on without interruption."—New York Sun.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

If you'd lose a troublesome visitor, lend him money.

Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead.

He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.

None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.

If man could have half his wishes, he would double his troubles.

There are three faithful friends—an old wife,

THE ENTERPRISE.

WILSON PALMER, Editor.
Telephone 301-2.

[Entered as Second-Class Matter.]

Saturday, October 26, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN ARLINGTON BY:

Arlington News Co., Postoffice Bldg., Arlington.
Frank R. Daniels, 606 Mass. avenue, Arlington.
Mrs. Margaret Deane, 55 Park avenue, Heights.
H. P. Longley, Elevated waiting room, Heights.
Edward I. McKenzie, B. & M. station, Heights.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The editor of the Enterprise will be at the Arlington office every week day forenoon after this date.

"DON'T CRY, MAMMA."

The little boy who, while he lay dying the other day in a New York hospital, refusing to tell the name of the companion who pushed him to his death, said after his crushed legs had been amputated, "Don't cry, mamma; it wouldn't be fair to tell. He didn't mean to hurt me," and with his hand in that of his heart-broken mother, the little hero died. What a lesson in the above for our oldergrown! The difficulty with most men and women is, that they go straight and tell.

"TELL THE TRUTH."

Grover Cleveland's "tell the truth" forever immortalized him. It must not be forgotten that ex-President Cleveland said to his friend as he was going up into northern New York, "tell the truth," when the evidence was all against Mr. Cleveland. It takes a brave man to tell the truth at all times and under all conditions—there is nothing half so easy as lying. The most of us will cut and run in the face of a truth that tells against us. But sham as we may, and deny as we will, the truth will finally find us yet—so why longer keep up the fight? Let us tell the whole story and then throw ourselves on the mercy of the court.

PLEASANT WORDS.

The following pleasant words for the Enterprise we very gratefully acknowledge. A reader of the Enterprise writes, "Your description of the magnificent coloring of the mountain foliage was charming." Another reader of the Enterprise writes the following: "Your letters from the mountains this summer have made delightful reading." One of our exchanges, in a recent issue, says: "We have greatly enjoyed reading the letters of the Enterprise, from the familiar hills and valleys of the boyhood of the editor, and we have found in them a very good substitute for our own vacation, as we had only to close our eyes, and revel with the editor of the Enterprise among those New Hampshire hills which his ably descriptive letters have taught us to love." It is the satisfaction if these letters from the mountains have been read and enjoyed.

WHAT ASSUMPTION!

What assumption it is to set ourselves up as being better and more deserving than other people! The truth is, we are all by nature as much alike as two peas in a pod. When the opportunity occurs, the best of us seldom or never hesitate to take the advantage one of another. We all want the best end of the bargain. While we are making long prayers and thanking God that we are not as other men are, we are frequently planning at the same time how we may get ahead of the other fellow in the sharp practices of business life. We know just how it is, for we have lain awake nights before now, studying how we might best get even with someone who had outwitted us at our own game. But all this is an unfortunate and wickedly mean way of doing. Render unto others what is their due, and we shall sleep at night all the better for it.

HE DIED LIKE A MAN.

The October number of the Philistine pays the following tribute to the late President McKinley: "The last days of William McKinley mark him as a Man. When the death-damp is upon a man's forehead, and night and the grave are creeping into his veins, he does not pose. He is sincere, then, even if he has never been before; the thoughts he utters leap from his heart—his words then, and his acts then, mirror his soul. When the president was shot his first words were of his wife—Do not exaggerate this thing to Mrs. McKinley." During the days of his suffering he uttered no word of fear, center complaint. He was grateful for attention and even at times regloomy of the situation by humor. His last words were: "I will of God—I am satisfied!"

He died no better. McKinley died man."

"BLUE MONDAY."

"Monday," the clergy say, and say we all of us. Monday is, indeed, the hardest, bluest day of all the week. But then, why should we make any fuss about it? It is on Monday that we are writing this, and it must go even if there is a shade of blue about it. We must all at times get down on our knees and scrub—so why not do it and make the best of it? The fact is, all the days of the week are good. The trouble is with us we get nervously used up. At times we are all under the cloud which shuts out the sun—but the sun keeps right on shining all the same. What we need is to get out into the open air, and take a long, brisk walk. Henry Ward Beecher never uttered a truer saying than there are ills which the prayer meeting and the hymn book cannot cure. We consider ourselves as authority on the pedestrian art, for art it is to walk with ease at a 2-40 speed. We have footed it some hundreds of miles this summer, and are all the better for it, so that now Monday is one of our best

days. Away with your blue Monday, and bestir yourself.

"NO RACE, CREED OR PARTY."

The Enterprise has declared itself "for no race, creed or party," so naturally enough it admires that spirit of independence which President Roosevelt manifests in breaking down the color line so far as the White House is concerned. In dining Booker T. Washington, the president has paid tribute to that distinguished culture and ability which do honor to any and all races alike. Booker T. Washington, whose life from his earliest youth has been one long struggle against heavy odds, has singularly triumphed over difficulties besetting him on every side. Those who read his series of letters published in the Outlook some months ago must have been impressed with the heroism displayed by the now most distinguished representative of the colored race, Booker T. Washington's fame is world-wide. He has had honors bestowed upon him on both sides of the water, and why, pray, should not President Roosevelt, on behalf of the American people, honor him as the guest of the nation? The Enterprise, when it declared itself for no race, meaning thereby that it is the champion of all races alike, meant just what it said. The color line will never step in between these columns and that embodiment of mind and soul which point the man without the slightest reference to his complexion. The Enterprise is "the champion of the people's rights." President Roosevelt is to be commended for his broad catholicity.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

That is a reasonable request made by "Parent" in the Enterprise of last week, that a playground should be secured at once for the pupils in the Locke school. There can be no good reason and especially in the country why elbow room should not be had for the boys and girls in school. We have frequently seen in our walks up Park avenue the pupils in the Locke school taking their recess in the public street, and nothing other than this can they do, for they have no playground they can call their own. It was a singular oversight in those having the matter in hand that ample grounds were not secured at the start for the children of the Locke school. Jacob Ellis, to whose writings in the Outlook we have elsewhere referred, in this issue, has made it a prominent feature in his fight for reform in New York city that generous school grounds shall be given the children. Now "Parent" urges our school committee should lose no time in preparing not only a half acre, but a whole acre, in rear of the Locke school building for the pupils of the school. We have no moral right to turn three hundred children into the public street for their plays. And then it should be remembered that the playtime of the boys and girls comes in as a part of their education. Will our Arlington school committee at once move in this matter? Don't keep down school expenses by robbing the children.

THE ENTERPRISE.

Why shouldn't we directly write upon the above, for we have no other business interest aside from it. We, with the manager of the Enterprise, always hold ourselves ready to make grateful acknowledgments to our many patrons for the aid and encouragement given us in our work. We have always recognized the fact that no newspaper can live and thrive without the aid of its immediate public. The Enterprise started out with the purpose of making itself worthy of an intelligent reading public. Its columns have been and will always be open to an intelligent discussion of all local and current questions of interest. Everyone has the right to be heard in these columns. The Enterprise muzzles the mouth of no man. Here you can have your say, however widely you may differ from us. And while this privilege we readily grant the public, we reserve for ourselves the right to have our say. The Enterprise has not hesitated to discuss in its own way all matters vital to this locality. It has an abiding interest in our schools and churches and in our homes, and so it has from time to time had more or less to say of all of them. In an especial way are the sympathies of this paper with the industrial classes. We are brother to the working man and the working woman. We believe in the dignity of labor. The Enterprise has never failed to show its colors. It calls black, black, and white, white. It doesn't beat about the bush, and it never will. It is in keeping with good taste that we say all this of the Enterprise. It is our duty as well as privilege to more or less frequently re-announce ourselves. While the Enterprise is doing finely, we still are desirous that it shall do better and more effective work in the future than it has done in the past. We appreciate the fact that the field is not as yet all occupied, and that there are improvements to be yet made in our journalistic work. We desire to have our news columns filled to the brim with substantial items, and to this end we urge again that our readers send us from week to week such items as shall prove of interest to the public. Help us and we in turn will help you. This paper is yours, dear reader, so give it your best, and we'll give you our best.

GREETING AND GOOD-BYE.

Life is hardly other than a greeting and a good-bye. The "good night" closely follows the "good morning." It seems but yesterday that we set out for the mountains, and now we are making our good-bye calls. It would be no other than base ingratitude were we not in this public way to make grateful acknowledgment of the generous treatment we have received at the hands of the rugged mountaineers of the north country. Their homes have been open to us at all times, and we have been invited to enter and partake of their generous hospitality. With the people of Whiteface we have discussed many a subject of vital interest. We have sat under the shade of the maples with them; we have been guests at their fireside; we have exchanged many a greeting with them on the highway, and thus have we found an abundant entrance into each other's hearts. Our return home is made with a life interest in the mountains and their simple, rustic people. God bless them all in our good-bye to them. We are sure that our new life, with its newly begotten interests, will show itself in the Enterprise. Wilson Palmer.

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A. C. LaBREQUE.

NOTICE TO VOTERS.

The Registrars of Voters will meet in session in their room, in the Town House, for the purpose of registering voters, THURSDAY, Oct. 17, 1901, from 7.30 to 9 o'clock P. M.; on SATURDAY, October 26, 1901, from 12 o'clock to 10 o'clock P. M.; also at Union Hall, Arlington Heights, on MONDAY, October 21, 1901, from 7.30 to P. M. Registration will close SATURDAY, October 26, 1901, at ten o'clock in the evening. And after the close of registration no name will be entered on the LIST OF VOTERS EXCEPT AS PROVIDED BY STATUTE.

WILLIAM A. PATTIE,
JOHN W. BAILEY,
WM. H. FITZPATRICK,
B. DELMONT LOCKE,
Registrars of Voters of Arlington.

MISS K. T. McGRATH,
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10 Teel Place, Arlington, Mass.

AN AUSPICIOUS EVENT.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kenney, of Arlington, Observe Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary—Six Children and Thirty Grandchildren.

An unusual and happy event was the observance of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kenney of Pine street, Arlington, at their home Saturday afternoon and evening. There was an attendance of over 75 persons, including six children and 25 grandchildren. The occasion was a specially enjoyable one for the host and hostess who have journeyed together for half a century, and none seemed to extract more pleasure from the festivities than did they.

For entertainment there were violin selections by Herman McManus and Herbert Eckman, phonograph selections by William Gravenstein, vocal selections by Miss Olive Doyle, piano solos by Mrs. Bertha E. Farran, vocal solos by Mrs. John O'Brien, and dancing by all the younger people. The house was decorated with ferns and numerous bouquets, and presented a pretty appearance. Caterer Hardy, of Arlington, served the supper. The presents which the honored couple received were very many, including a number of gold coins, crayon picture of Mr. Kenney in a gold frame, gold bound toilet set, gold trimmed bandbox, cut glass goblets, gold band smoking set, and electric lighting apparatus for immediate use.

Among those present were the six children, Mrs. Mary Drappo, of South Boston, John C. Kenney, of Pine street, Thomas F. L. Kenney, of Brattle place, Mrs. Sadie J. Kenney, of Summer street, James W. Kenney, of Brattle park, and Mrs. Bertha E. Farran, of Grove street; the twenty-five grandchildren, Nellie Kenney, Charles Kenney, Ruth Kenney, Thomas Kenney, Frank Kenney, Walter Kenney, Mollie Kenney, Ella Kenney, Margaret Kenney, Thomas Kenney, Helen Kenney, Wilfred Kenney, Charlotte Kenney, Catherine Kenney, Eleanor Kenney, Wilfred Kenney, Mildred Kenney, Harold Farran, Bertha Farran, Mrs. Frank Meade, Mrs. Joseph Burns, Miss Nellie Huston, and Harry Huston, Mr. and Mrs. James Fermoy, Mr. and Mrs. J. Munhall, Mr. and Mrs. Herman McManus, Mr. and Mrs. John Kelley, Miss Mary Rogers, Miss Ida Rogers, Miss Minnie Noon, Miss Nellie Noon, Mrs. John O'Brien, Michael Knowles, Michael Cox, Miss Mary Caniff, Mrs. Kate Dickinson, James Noon, and Miss Olive Doyle, of Arlington, Mr. and Mrs. James Fermoy, of Somerville, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Eckman, of South Boston, Mr. and Mrs. William Gravenstein, of Arlington, and Miss Nellie Cox, of Roxbury. There were five grandchildren who were unable to be present, Charles Huston, Frank Huston, Ralph Huston, John Huston, and Wilfred Huston.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kenney were both born in Ireland, the former in the county of Limerick, and Mrs. Bridget Kenney in County Tyrone. Mr. Kenney is 73 years of age and his wife is four years his junior. They were married from Arlington, Oct. 19, 1851, by Rev. James Doherty, of North Cambridge. Mr. Kenney came to this country about 54 years ago and his wife came about the same time—Both located in Arlington where they have since lived nearly all of the time. Mr. Kenney worked for a time on the Locke farm, and then for 35 years was a hardener of saws in the old saw factory. He was a skilled workman and but few had the ability to perform the work in the manner which he had himself discovered. He was very successful at the business and became indispensable to the company as long as it was in existence. For the past 15 years he has retired and now lives on Pine street where he enjoys life as well as ever. Both Mr. and Mrs. Kenney have been the recipients of congratulations from a large circle of friends who wish them many more years of happy life.

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Calendars for 1902.

We are showing the finest line of calendars ever exhibited in town and can make it an object for the local business men to obtain them right at home. Call and see them, or let us come and show them to you at your convenience. We are booking orders now for December delivery.

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ARLINGTON.

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BASE BURNER PARLOR STOVE,
\$10.00; air tight stove, \$20.00. Address?
Academy street.

BURGLARS.

Three of Them Captured By
Cambridge Police.

Arlington's Alleged Housebreakers are
Behind Bars—Held for Grand Jury
Under Heavy Bonds—They Reaped
a Harvest in the Suburbs of Boston.

Residents of Arlington and surrounding places, who have lain awake nights, fearing that their houses would be broken into and their valuables stolen, have been accorded a season of respite by the capture of the men who are alleged to have made the numerous breaks in this place, at least, during the past few months. The men were captured Sunday, Oct. 13, at their rooms in Boston.

The prisoners are Herbert Sumner Dudley, 24 years old, Mrs. Annie Dudley, 27, of 11 Boylston place; Albert Reynolds, 22, of Cleveland, O., and Frank B. Gordon, 20, of Utica, N. Y.

In rooms occupied by the quartet on Boylston place, property estimated to be worth \$2500 was seized and is now at the detective bureau awaiting owners. The prisoners are said to have committed something like 75 different house rob-

the party is comely in appearance, and she was well dressed. She denies complicity in the burglaries.

In following up these burglaries very effective work was done by Inspector Murray, of Cambridge. For a long period he, with his two assistants, Officers Cox and Hurley, worked night and day striving to capture the thieves. Many a night they travelled over the sections where the thieves operated. At one time the inspector came upon the trail by finding some of Mrs. Mary A. Emerson's stolen property in a South End pawn shop. The Boston police were informed, and for five weeks the pawn shop was under constant surveillance. But in some way the thieves found that the place was being watched and did not return there. During part of that time they operated in Brockton and Providence. The final capture was in large measure accidental. Inspectors Gaddis and Crown, of the Boston police force, saw the men in a pawn shop and arrested them on suspicion. Thus were unravelled the burglaries.

Inspector Murray says that he has rarely had to deal with a gang operating in this city who used such a perfect system in disposing of their goods. He believes that they were connected with an organized gang of "crooks" who aided in selling the stolen property. Some goods were sold in various cities in the state of New York, and in many other ways the thieves covered their tracks. The Boston police decided Monday night that Cambridge had a better claim on the three men than Boston had. They accordingly turned over the prisoners to



FRANK B. GORDON. ALBERT REYNOLDS. HERBERT S. DUDLEY.

beries. There was such a weight of evidence against them when taken to police headquarters that the three men made confession. They could not give an accurate account of all burglaries committed, but the lowest estimate made by them was 40.

One of the most important breaks in recent weeks which is solved by these arrests was on Aug. 28, at the house of State Senator John E. Parry, on Massachusetts avenue, North Cambridge. The thieves entered in the night and stole Mrs. Parry's sealskin sack, valued at \$500. They also took a Masonic jewel, valued at \$100, being set with diamonds, which belonged to the senator. This jewel was not recovered, for it was broken up and the diamonds sold loose. Inspector Gaddis recovered the sack Sunday evening, with a lot of other valuable property, belonging to the senator and his family.

The thieves took the sack to New York and refused \$100 for it from a fence, and finally sold it in Boston for \$50. The three men captured had revolvers, dark lanterns, chisels and jimmies. They admitted that they had worked all about Boston, which latter the police do not believe. They said they worked together at night. The game was to go to a dark house and ring the bell. If they got no answer they entered and cleaned out the house. The woman in

Chief Cloyes. They spent Monday night at a station in Cambridge where burglaries are supposed to have been committed by them.

The property exhibited at the Boston police headquarters, recovered by the Boylston place arrests, attracted police officers from many places. The display resulted in clearing up breaks in various suburban cities.

A small number of men and women whose homes have been robbed visited the offices of Chief Watts and Capt. Dugan and inspected the articles. The thieves were no respecters of persons, for they robbed the house of Chief Cloyes, of Cambridge.

The list of persons who identified some of the stolen articles contained the following from Cambridge: Mrs. Gladys Tupper, 11 Trowbridge street. L. J. Cloyes, 55 Trowbridge street. Mrs. Mary A. Emerson, 378 Broadway, William R. McCoy, 5 St. Paul street, William E. Chamberlain, 25 Clinton street, Dr. T. E. Cunningham, 847 Massachusetts avenue. W. H. Emerson, 325 Broadway. Senator John E. Parry, 2343 Massachusetts avenue. R. J. Gardner, 45 Huron avenue. S. R. Perkins, 42 Huron avenue. Dr. George A. Webber, 359 Massachusetts avenue.

In court at Cambridge, last week Wednesday morning, Inspector Murray, in presenting the case against them, urged that they be put under very heavy bonds. They were held in \$5,000 each for the grand jury.

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WINCHESTER.

CEO. ADAMS WOODS,

Winchester Office, Blaikie Bldg.

Over P. O. Tel. 123-7 Winchester.

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Tel. 1532 Main.

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For the best buy of

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ARLINGTON.

Cambridgeport Savings Bank.

NOTICE
TO
DEPOSITORS.

The law requires that all SAVINGS BANKS in the state shall call in their depositors' pass books for verification at some time during the year 1901. (See Public Statute Chap. 817 par. 47.)

In accordance with this law depositors are requested to bring their pass books to the bank in banking hours on any day during the month of October and have them compared with the books of the bank.

Cambridgeport Savings Bank,
By Henry W. Bullard, Treasurer.
Hours, 8.30 A.M. to 1.30 P.M.
Saturday, Oct. 5th, 6 to 8 P.M.

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COMMONWEALTH
OF
MASSACHUSETTS.

Middlesex, ss. PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Henry G. Ruffly, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased, in testate.

Whereas, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Eleanor F. Johnson, of Arlington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of November, A. D. 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Arlington Enterprise, a newspaper published in Arlington, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, the fifteenth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.
S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

THE ENTERPRISE.

Telephone, Arlington 301-2.

[Entered as Second-Class Matter.]

Saturday, October 26, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN LEXINGTON BY:

H. V. Smith, Lexington.
L. A. Austin, P. O., East Lexington.
W. L. Burrill, P. O., North Lexington.

"THROUGH NATURE TO GOD."

One of the most entertaining and instructive books we have recently read is that of the late John Fiske's "Through Nature to God." The second part of the work is substantially the Phi Beta Kappa oration delivered by Mr. Fiske at Harvard university in 1896. Mr. Fiske discusses the mystery of evil—the idea of God and the cosmic roots of love and self-sacrifice. The discussion of "Through Nature to God" is the result of much scholarly research. One needs to read the book with a clear understanding of the terms used. The author is thoroughly orthodox in his view of the origin of evil. He has not a doubt that sin is in accordance with God's eternal plan. The myth, as he terms it, of Adam and Eve's fall is simply a fall upward. Mr. Fiske does not question that man has become more of a man because he knows good and evil. Indeed, without this knowledge he would be reduced to a mere machine or puppet. But with this knowledge of evil the author insists that it is man's duty to lessen and suppress the evil. The entire book treats in a natural way of all life, from its lowest forms up to that of the infinite life of God. The book is one of the most elaborate and logical discussions by the distinguished scholar and historian, John Fiske. That such a man should die in the fullness of his intellectual life is nothing less than a calamity to the world.

The appointment of Rev. L. D. Cochrane, of East Lexington, as a member of the school committee cannot but meet with favor on all sides. It is learned that there were many candidates who were willing to serve, and the selectmen picked Mr. Cochrane from the bunch. He is certainly well qualified.

MITCHELL—CONDON.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season took place at St. Brigid's church, Tuesday evening, when William S. Mitchell, of Boston, and Miss Mary E. Condon, of Lexington, were married by Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, pastor of the church. James Boyle, of Roxbury, was best man, and Miss Mitchell, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid.

The bride was dressed in a gown of white satin, artistically trimmed with duchesse lace, and a white veil, fastened with orange blossoms, gave a dainty touch to the rich costume. The bridesmaid, Miss Mitchell, wore a beautiful gown of crepe de chine, which added a delicate pink tinge to the whole affair.

The wedding, which was at seven o'clock, was witnessed by a large number of guests, including the relatives and friends of both bride and groom. During the ceremony Harry Berrill, of Roxbury, sang "So Fair, So Pure and Holy." Nothing could have been more effective than this rich baritone solo, which added a certain pathos to the whole affair.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride on Trapelo road, and the popularity of the young couple was shown in the rich display of gifts. Immediately after the reception the bride and groom started on their wedding trip to New York. Upon their return they will reside in Lexington.

Town Clerk B. Delmont Locke is slowly recovering from his recent illness.

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Your Sewing Machine Cleaned and Repaired;
Your Lawn Mowers Cleaned and Sharpened;
Your Grass Shears, Household Scissors and Knives Sharpened;
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LEXINGTON LOCALS.

The 1st corps of Cadets held a shoot in the state competition at the rifle range, Saturday. The weather conditions were unfavorable. Co. C won with a score of 852.

A. W. Chamberlin, living at 25 Waverley street, Stoneham, was visiting friends in Wymona street Sunday evening and left his horse and carriage standing outside. When he was about to leave at 9:30 p.m., the rig was missing and the police were notified. A short time later the rig was found on Broadway near the Somerville line, by Morris Nelligan, of Cambridge, and was brought to the police station. Two blankets and a whip had been stolen.

The funeral of Mrs. Eva McGarry, wife of James McGarry, was held Monday from her residence on Beacon street. In St. Agnes' church at 9 o'clock requiem high mass was celebrated by Rev. A. J. Fitzgerald. Music was rendered by the choir under the direction of Miss Lucy J. Butler. The interment was at Mt. Pleasant cemetery.

The board of survey will hold a hearing in the selectmen's room, this evening, on the petition for locating a continuation of Irving street as a public way. Central lodge A. O. U. W. is making arrangements for a semi-public entertainment to be held in G. A. R. hall, Tuesday evening, Nov. 1. Besides a fine musical and literary program and collation, the entertainment will be given by Ward and State Supervisor J. J. Ready will be present and make addresses upon the objects and purposes of the order, and explain the new system of classified assessments.

Past Master Workmen W. D. Rockwood and W. H. Thorpe, of Circle lodge, A. O. U. W., attended the Massachusetts Past Masters' association meeting at the United States hotel, Boston, Thursday evening.

In the third session of the Suffolk county superior court, Boston, last week Wednesday, before Judge Bond, the case of Fred H. White against Theresa C. Forest was tried. This was an action of contract to recover \$141 for a hearing put into a house in Arlington. The plaintiff was given a verdict of \$122. H. F. Butler appeared for the plaintiff and C. A. Smith for the defendant.

Mr. Butler who kindly made so many artistic posters for the different entertainments and dances last winter, has contributed his first one this season to the Woman's alliance, announcing their rummage sale, which is to take place Thursday in Cary hall.

The annual warrant for the town meeting for the state election, which is to be held Nov. 5, has been posted.

Miss Anna Wellington, who is now in the city hospital, under operation on her arm, Monday, which is considered very successful.

The annual inspection of W. R. C. 97, will be held Wednesday. Past Department President Mrs. Gilman of Roxbury will be the inspecting officer.

At the meeting of the Tourist club, which was held at Mrs. Bayley's, Monday afternoon, Mrs. George W. Spaulding read a very interesting paper on "William and Mary and Dartmouth College." The news of the week was discussed as usual and in the remaining time plans were made concerning the work for the coming year. Monday the society will meet with Mrs. Carter on Hancock street.

Mr. Brown, of North Lexington, notman on he L. & B. street railway, has moved into the cottage owned by Mr. White, formerly occupied by Mr. Collins.

The first supper and sociable of the season took place at Hancock church, Wednesday evening. The supper was served by a large corps of ladies. The tables were decorated in autumn leaves and pinks. Following the supper was the sociable, consisting of five minute talks upon different subjects, all of which were interesting to those present.

After the supper at the Unitarian church, Wednesday evening, a rare musical entertainment was given. It was a great treat for the people of that church, and was fully appreciated if applause should be given to the soloists. The solo was rendered by Miss Ruth Brigham, followed by a humorous reading by Mrs. Harry Putnam. Then came two very fine solos by Miss Grace Whiting and Miss Stamford, both of whom have been studying abroad for some time.

Mrs. Greeley, who read two humorous selections, succeeded in convulsing her audience, who fully appreciated her talent. After this was a violin solo by Miss Alice Williams, followed by a duet by Miss Grace Whiting and Miss Stamford, which left a lasting impression upon the audience.

Miss Bertha Redman is visiting her sister Mrs. Clifford Hamlin in Canton Centre, Ct., where she will probably remain some time.

Mr. Wilbur, proprietor of the granary formerly owned by Mr. Whitcher, is residing on Wallace court.

Tuesday Mrs. W. L. Smith gave a luncheon party to some of her Ashmont friends at her home on Grant street.

Lexington's three Dartmouth "freshies," Allen Smith, Clifford Pierce and Chester Lawrence, returned to Lexington last week Friday, in order to attend the Dartmouth-Williams football game at West Newton where they had the pleasure of seeing their college best Williams, 6 to 2.

John Hamilton, who has attended Princeton for two years, has entered Harvard, where he will probably finish his college education.

This week Rev. Mr. Carter has been attending the bi-centennial at Yale, being an ex-graduate.

T. Stuart & Son Co., of Boston, has begun its work at the town water

works. The first thing done was to connect by pipe the new well and the receiving basin. Other work will be pushed rapidly.

The selectmen have called for bids for the refunding of the 30 year water loan.

W. V. Taylor's market has been receiving a fresh coat of paint on the inside. "Prof." Clark has been doing the work.

A sister of Mrs. H. W. Patterson died last week in Canton.

The Woman's Alliance of the Unitarian church will hold a rummage sale in Cary hall, on Thursday, Oct. 31, from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Clothing, bric-a-brac and goods of all sorts will be for sale at low rates.

The board of registrars will hold its last session previous to the November election in town hall today, from 12 noon to 10 p.m.

The annual inspection of W. R. C. 97, will be held Wednesday evening, Nov. 6. Past Department President Mrs. Gilman, of Roxbury, will be the inspecting officer.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. B. F. Sleeper, of Franklin, will supply the pulpit of Baptist church, tomorrow.

Rev. D. C. Easton, of Boston, preached last Sunday, from the text, "The Entrance of Thy Word Giveth Light."

The ladies' sewing circle met in the church parlor, Wednesday afternoon, of this week, from 2 until 5 o'clock. Light refreshments were served by Mrs. Roberts, who also furnished the work for the meeting.

A corporation meeting of the church will be held Monday evening in the vestry at 7:45 to see what action the church will take in regard to calling a pastor.

The Ladies' Missionary circle will meet Thursday afternoon at 2:30 in the church parlor. Articles are solicited to fill a barrel for the bethel.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

At the Hancock church, Sunday, Rev. John G. Taylor, of Arlington, will preach in exchange with the pastor.

At the evening service, Rev. Mr. Carter will preach on "Courage." At this meeting the double male quartet will sing as usual.

Monday evening, at the Christian Endeavor meeting, Miss Ella Brown will lead, her subject being "Bible Reading."

SLOD TOANE'S HORSE TALK

The horses had a warm time at the driving park in Lexington Thursday afternoon. Everybody else was frozen. Nevertheless the races were successful, particularly the winners of them. Libby P. bm. (C. H. Morse) won the 2:27 race, and made a fine showing. The starter of the races was James Fitzpatrick, of Cambridge, and Selectman E. S. Farmer and Matthew Rowe, of Arlington, were the judges.

3:00 Class, Trot or Pace.
Toto E. brm. (C. Bourque).....1
Independent grg. (C. Dumas).....2
Doctor, chg. (Wm. Buckley).....3
Tot. hgm. (Buggen and Fessenden).....4
Beaver Mdd. rom. (J. LaRock).....5
Tramp, big. (J. McCarthy).....6
Time, 1:17 1/2.

2:27 Class, Trot or Pace.
Chico, bg. (C. H. Morse).....1
Libby P. bm. (C. H. Alderman).....2
Tom E. brm. (C. Bourque).....3
Boxer, bg. (Elms).....4
Time, 1:35 1/2.

The special race was won by Evaline, Beaver Mdd. rom. (J. LaRock).....1. Molly fourth, time 1:17 1/2.

The Grazer (2:10), breeding unknown, was bought of an Indianapolis sale stable for \$10, two years ago, and for nearly a year hauled an ambulance in Louisville.

James A. Bailey, Jr., of Arlington, has a very good saddle horse in Prince.

Little Boy, owned and driven by C. K. G. Billings, of Chicago, lowered his world's paced record to a wagon (2:02 to 2:04) at Memphis, Tenn.

Jerome O'Neill, of Lexington, won second money with a horse named "W. W. Whiffel" purchased a hand-some pair of road horses.

Walter B. Farmer is still winning races at the Boston Driving Club matinees.

OF LEXINGTON DESCENT.

The eighty-ninth birthday of Freeborn F. Raymond, of Clark street, Lexington, was remembered by a number of his immediate relatives last Saturday. Raymond, while old in years was able to give all a cordial welcome, and the observance was a source of great pleasure to the host and to his guests. As he says, he intends to live out a century and the age no indication of which would tend to disprove the statement.

Those who called upon him Saturday are relatives, and included Mrs. Jacob Hall, of Boston, Mrs. Caroline Kimball, of Jamaica Plain, Mrs. Sawyer, of Arlington, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Viles, of Boston, Freeborn F. Raymond, of Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin F. Raymond and son, of Boston.

Mr. Raymond was born in Athol, Mass., Oct. 19, 1812, and was a son of Freeborn and Jane Raymond. The Raymond family has been identified with the history of Lexington since 1733, an ancestor, John Raymond, was killed by the British, April 19, 1775. Daniel Raymond, the grandfather of Mr. Raymond, was a Marblehead man and died in Lexington, where he was buried in the cemetery in 1785. Mr. Raymond lived in Jaffrey, N. H., and Barnstable, and then engaged in the West Indian trade in Boston, subsequently becoming a wholesale dealer in dry goods.

Since 1856 he has made his home in Lexington. In 1828 he went first to Boston. He remembers when all the official business of the city was done in the old state house with the postoffice in the basement. He remembers perfectly well when there was but one house on Noddie island now East Boston, in 1828, which was occupied by Mr. King and has talked with both him and Mr. Williams, owner of the island. The island was then used for pasturing cattle.

He served six years in the Boston city council as a land commissioner of Boston for two years and an assistant assessor for three years. He was chairman of the committee on public improvements when the new state house was built. Mr. Raymond is an old line Democrat, and a prominent member of the Unitarian church. His wife was Miss Sarah Elizabeth Richardson, a descendant of an old and prominent Lexington family. They have two sons, Frank F. Raymond, a prominent Boston business man, and Henry S. Raymond, who resides with his parents here.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Next week's attraction at the Grand Opera house will be Thomas E. Shea, who has added another new play to his already extensive repertoire, for his annual engagement this season. Shea's repertoire for the week will be as follows: Monday night (only), "The Man-o-War-Man;" Tuesday and Friday nights, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde;" Thursday night (only), "The Belis;" Wednesday and Saturday nights, "The Pledge of Honor;" Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday matinees, "The Voice of Nature." With the exception of "The Pledge of Honor" the above plays and Mr. Shea's splendid work in them are familiar to Bostonians. Judging from Mr. Shea's previous engagements, it might be considered that all these plays were equally popular. "The Pledge of Honor" remains yet to receive the approval of approval from a Boston audience, but the reports from it are most excellent. It is a dramatization of Hugh Conway's book, entitled "Called Back," and has been specially adapted for Mr. Shea by James W. Harkins. The author of "The Man-o-War-Man." The story is a thrilling one, and the production has been made on a very elaborate scale. The play opens in London, where there are anarchists and nihilists have gathered together to conspire against their government.

"BEAUTIFUL JIM KEY."

Something About the Wonderful Horse at the Boston Food Fair.

Among the immense number of special attractions at the Boston Food Fair, now nearing its close, no feature draws bigger crowds than Beautiful Jim Key, the educated horse. This horse actually spells a large number of words, the spelling being done by the use of letters which the horse takes out of a rack. He has been taught to spell thousands of ordinary words and some long ones. He even spells Constantinople. He adds, subtracts and multiplies figures up to thirty. The figuring is done with the aid of figures on pieces of board placed on a rack. The horse places letters in a letter file, putting a letter in the particular drawer he is told to. He detects coins as readily as a human being. He knows a nickel from a half-dollar and a half-dollar from a dollar as well as anybody and he opens a cash register with his mouth taking out the particular coin called for.

All New England has gone wild over



BEAUTIFUL JIM KEY.

this horse, and his marvelous work is on everybody's tongue. Some persons have thought much of the matter published in the papers about him a fake, but the fact is that he does all that is claimed for him, and more.

The Royal Marine band, of Italy, one of the most famous bands in the world, is now giving concerts daily at the Food Fair, and Signor Giannini, possibly the greatest tenor singer who ever visited America, sings solos every evening in Grand hall. His marvelous voice has completely captivated all of the many thousands who have already heard him. The attendance at the Boston Food Fair this year exceeds that of any Food Fair ever held in New England. There are excursions from all parts of New England to the fair. The price of admission to the fair is only twenty-five cents.

OLD BELFRY CLUB.

The entertainment which took place at the club Tuesday evening of this week was a very fine one. The members of the quartet, as well as Miss Lillian Pierce, the reader, were artists and were highly appreciated by those present. About 200 were present. The program consisted of ten well selected numbers and was as follows: Quartet, "Breze of the Revolution," Lillian Pierce, quartet, "Abide with Me," song, "My Pretty Jane," Mr. Holden, reading, "The Summation," Miss Pierce, quartet, "The Sun-mer Nightingale," The King and the King, Mr. Davidson, quartet, "His Charming Voice," reading, "Woman's Rights," Miss Pierce, quartet, "Night Greeting," written for the quartet.

Remember the whist party is Monday.

Twenty-three members have been added to the club roll this summer.

Thursday evening of last week, in the "low-boy" pool tournament, Arthur Turner and William Ballard, of W. R. C. 97, and Mr. Riezelow, a tall of 7 to 21. The same evening Walter Ballard and Mr. Riley won from Messrs. Tendency and Mead by a tally of 18 to 18. Monday evening James Smith and Dr. Ogden won from Messrs. Clark and Houghton, 20 to 20.

Candidates for a bottle pin team to represent the Old Belfry club in the "low-boy" pool tournament, which was held for some time, but the club members evidently have not found courage yet to enter. Those whose names are on the list so far are: L. T. Redman and W. H. Adams, of the "low-boy" club, and C. Ballard. This team is to be made up of five men having the highest average of pins in a two-man bottle pin tournament.

Nov. 2 is the date for the next dance. The "low-boy" club will be in charge, and the music will be furnished by two pieces of Holbrook's orchestra.

The Criterion club of Boston, has been engaged to give a play at the club Tuesday, Nov. 19.

PARK THEATRE.

The presentation of a new play by Clyde Fitch, the most prolific and popular of present-day American dramatists, is an event calculated to provoke interest and expectation. The newest of "Lovers' Lane" is gradually being read for five months in New York, and going thus to Chicago, where it enjoyed enormous successes all summer, despite the record-breaking heat. It will be seen what the Park theatre, Boston, on Monday, Oct. 28, from all accounts "Lovers' Lane" is radically different from all the other Clyde Fitch plays. The central figures are a liberal-minded young clergyman, a young girl, a young man, and the girl whom he loves. Around them are grouped eccentric New England village types, many of them new to the stage, such as the opera house manager, the village doctor, an incorrigible hoiden from the orphanage, a pair of octogenarian lovers, the bickering choir singers and the zealous matrons of the Purty Brigade. The young clergyman has the faith of his own, and the courage of his convictions. He believes in a billiard table and playing cards to divert the young men from grosser temptations. His bachelor home is a refuge for the oppressed of all conditions and is overcrowded by people of his personal bounty. His notions of future punishment do not satisfy the more orthodox, who cling to the good, old doctrines of fire and brimstone, but he is too good-natured to commiserate the faith of his forefathers. Such an up-to-date personality is naturally bound to inspire the animosity of the puritanical and to become a target for slander and suspicion. The young clergyman has his troubles in plenty, but the love of the girl who believes in him is his shield and buckler, and there is a happy issue. "Lovers' Lane" has been elaborately staged by William A. Brady, who is most experienced and adroit as a dramatic producer. His productions have come to rank with the best to be seen upon our native stage, whether romantic, farical, classical or humorous. There are four scenes—the parsonage, the village main street, and an apple orchard, first in the fading foliage of autumn, and later in the fragrant blossom of springtime. The first embraces the scene of the recognized skill of some thirty children, with their youthful songs and games, are introduced in the school scene.

One of the new horses of the race track is named Cervera. His owner ought to lose on him, to give him such a name.

CASTOR A

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

East Lexington.

Clifford W. Pierce, Chester M. Lawrence and Clarence Hamblen came home from Dartmouth, Saturday, to see the football game at the Newton grounds between Williams and Dartmouth. They returned to college Monday evening.

The electric light company is erecting new poles on Maple street to replace the old ones which are being taken down.

Geo. D. Estabrook has been suffering from another attack of illness which has kept him indoors the greater part of the week.

Mrs. Oliver Brown has been quite seriously sick at her home on Pleasant street.

Rev. Lorenzo D. Cochrane has received an appointment on the school committee to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Herbert S. Teal.

The Boston & Maine railroad has awarded the annual prizes for flower displays at the various stations. East Lexington drew a \$10 prize, Pierce's Bridge a \$5 one and North Lexington drew \$10.

The first assembly under the management of the Josie Four was held in Village hall, Tuesday evening. Although the attendance threatened at first to be very small, the hall was soon comfortably full of dancers. Music was furnished by three pieces from Doane's orchestra. Refreshments were served during intermission. Lovers L. Wetherbee, Clara A. Wetherbee, Walter C. Fuller and Oscar Teal had charge of the affair. Many were present from Lexington, Arlington, East Lexington and Arlington Heights. A special car left for the Heights at the close of the dance. The next assembly will occur Tuesday, November 5. Among those present were: Oscar Teal, Homer Butterfield, Walter C. Fuller, M. P. Probert, Miss May Fuller, Herbert S. Teal, Miss May Snelling, Quincy Blanchard, Miss Maude Snelling, Wilson Blanchard, Miss Lillian Snelling, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Whiting, Fred Barker, Miss Louise Grace, Miss Flora Wright, Herbert Lawrence, Joe Law, Miss Olive Teal, William Sanderson, Mr. Benson, Mrs. Charles Wentworth, I. L. Wetherbee, Miss Elizabeth Wentworth, C. A. Wetherbee, Miss May Sanderson, Charles Douglass, Miss Lottie Sanderson, Harry Oliver, Frank Fletcher, Mrs. Chas. Blanchard, Sumner Blanchard, Miss Agnes Woodbury, Ouis Jackson, Miss Margaret Irwin.

Miss Cora Alderman has been visiting this week her sister, Miss Ottilie Alderman.

W. F. Sim is having some repairs made on his stable. T. W. Morey is doing the work.

James H. Phillips has commenced this week the work of remodeling John Chisholm's barn, which is to be converted into a dwelling house.

Silas Peabody, aged 80 years, 10 months and 13 days, died in Wakefield, last week Thursday. The funeral took place Sunday from his late residence on Morrison avenue. Mr. Peabody served many years as master of the Adams school of this village, and was highly valued as a teacher.

FOLLEN CHURCH.

Rev. L. D. Cochrane took for his text at the morning sermon, Sunday, Mark 14:3, 4, 5, which describes the scene where the woman broke the alabaster box and anointed Jesus. The human sympathy, as shown in the breaking of the costly alabaster box is more than any amount of cold, calculating charity. The sympathy between ourselves and our neighbors is intended to act as cords to bind humanity together. We may support home and foreign missions and give liberally to charity, but we must have sympathy between ourselves and our neighbors. It is worth more than all these. The man who is true to his own heart is the true man. We should not wait until it is too late to do it, but like the woman with the alabaster box of whom Jesus said, "She hath done what she could, she has come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying, and she should speak a word for our friends while they are still with us, and not wait until they are dead before we tell of their good works."

The Y. P. S. meeting in the evening was led by Miss Henrietta Locke, who read a paper on "Generosity." There were also readings by other members and concluding remarks by the pastor. Tomorrow evening the Y. P. S. will meet at the church and the inside of the church will be decked in autumn colors and about the pulpit will be clustered fruits from the orchard and gardens. The business meeting of the Y. P. S. will be held on Sunday school and the pastor, Rev. L. D. Cochrane, in the evening at 7 o'clock. Rev. James Sallaway will deliver his valuable and interesting lecture on Jerusalem and Palestine. This is a lecture to which an admission fee is usually charged, but tomorrow evening it will be free to all. Everyone will be cordially welcomed at both these services.

BAPTIST SOCIETY.

The meeting of the Baptist society, Sunday evening, was unusually interesting. It began with an introductory address by C. D. Easton. James Barnes then gave a report for the building committee, after which W. W. Main, of Boston, outlined the plans which he had for the new church. Rev. J. H. Cox was also present and addressed the meeting. There was the usual singing, with Harry Clark as violinist. Miss Corrine Locke presided at the organ. The business meeting of the society was held, and it was decided to purchase a lot of land upon which to erect a church. The oyster supper in charge of the ladies of the society has been postponed to November 14.

INTENDS TO RETURN.

Rev. Thomas Thompson who preached at Follen church from 1887 to October, 1890, intends to return to East Lexington, and occupy his house on Locust avenue. Mr. Thompson expects to take an extended rest from his work in order to recuperate his health. Mrs. Eugene Thompson, who has occupied the house this summer, have moved to Lowell street, Arlington Heights.

SARAH E. SHERBURNE.

Miss Sarah Elizabeth Sherburne, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren S. Sherburne, of Massachusetts avenue, Lexington, died at her home at 2 o'clock Thursday morning, after a long illness. The deceased was 43 years of age, and a much respected lady. She had been away from Lexington much of late on account of health, and in fact only returned from Philadelphia about seven weeks ago. During her last days she was constantly attended by a trained nurse, and received the benefit of medical treatment. The funeral will be today at 1 o'clock from her late home. The burial will be at Mt. Auburn cemetery and will be private. Mrs. Sherburne was the wife of the late Mrs. H. C. Valentine, and three brothers, Warren R., Frank Foster and R. B. Sherburne.

\$2.50 Radcliffe Shoe

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FOR SALE BY
FRANK O. NELSON,
Massachusetts Avenue,
Near Town Hall, LEXINGTON.

J. J. TOOMEY,

Fashionable Hairdresser.
Pompadour and Children's Hair-cutting a Specialty. Razors Honed and Re-sharpened.
HUNT BLOCK, MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

Mrs. J. D. Tholdeen,

DINING ROOM.
Good Home Dinner, 25c
Transients Accommodated.
POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Mass. Ave., Lexington.

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M. F. WILBUR, Prop.
Flour, Grain,
Hay and Straw

AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
Hay shipped direct from Michigan and delivered at lowest market prices. Grains are received direct from western growers and are sold at prices which cannot be out under.

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Drugs and Medicines.
Chemicals, Sundries,
Choice Perfumes, Fine Soaps,
CIGARS AND SODAS.
Massachusetts Ave. and Waltham St., LEXINGTON.

ESTABLISHED

IN THE WINTER OF LOVE.

Ah, you love bath its June, ah, yes!
 But, oh, dear one, there comes its winter days!
 And you and I must one day feel the winds
 That sweep across the lonely moorland ways,
 And you and I must hear the plaintive song,
 That gives the heart a pang of sad regret,
 But, oh, sweetheart, the roses bloom for us
 Now in your youth! It is not winter yet!
 It is not winter yet!

Ah, love hath had its summer days, dear heart,
 Its music and its rhapsody of peace!
 The days we hoped to keep forever, love,
 Have fled from us and found a swift release.
 And you are gone! December's fingers are
 Has touched my heart and kissed each leaden
 bough.

Since you are gone, oh, love, how well I know
 That June is dead! And it is winter now,
 And it is winter now!

—Charles Hanson Towne in New England Magazine.

THE BROKEN CHAIR...

A Story of Italian Love.

Giacomo went rapidly up the stairs to the fifth floor, and when he had reached the last landing, on which two doors opened, one at the right and the other at the left, he paused for a moment, drew a key from his pocket and for a long time regarded the left hand door, heaved a deep sigh and then opened the door on the right. As he stepped over the sill he turned his head quickly and again gazed longingly at the other door, gave a second sigh and finally stepped inside. On entering his little room he removed his overcoat, took a chair, placed it beside the wall, seated himself thereon astride, lighted a cigarette and remained thus, watching the clouds of smoke that ascended to the ceiling, every few minutes placing his ear against the wall.

He continued to sit there for some time, had smoked more than one cigarette and had repeatedly placed his ear against the wall, when his face, hitherto clouded, suddenly assumed an expression of joy. Some one was moving about in the other room.

"She has come home," murmured the young man, and, in fact, a sound of chairs and dishes could now be heard.

"She is preparing supper," again murmured Giacomo, and, leaning his head against the wall, he tried to catch every movement of his neighbor, for, though he could not see her, he was happy in feeling that she was there and in thus being able to live next door to her.

Poor Giacomo! He feared that he should never again behold her, and this was indeed a great grief to him. At one time he had been accustomed to see her often, for he used to arrange to meet her on the stairs, and there he was wont to await her coming for hours and on seeing her approach at a distance of hastily ascending a few steps in order to give her time to arrive, when he would go slowly down stairs, leaning to meet her by chance. But he was always so overcome on beholding her pass by, ever serious and reserved, that he would then bow more awkwardly than the most diffident school-boy and lower his eyes, too timid to gaze upon her. It was all in vain that he told himself to be less shy, to practice bowing, to find some pretext to start a conversation or to make some brilliant remark, for at the psychological moment all his intentions vanished in thin air, and he ended by saluting the girl more awkwardly than ever and on one of these occasions by even dropping his hat. Finally, in despair of ever succeeding in overcoming his timidity and emotion and fearful of producing a bad impression, he had renounced the satisfaction of seeing her at all. In this way, thought he, I cannot succeed in rendering myself attractive I shall at least be sure of not displeasing her, and he had then arranged his manner of life so as to go out and return simultaneously with his fair neighbor and had thus contented himself with living beside her, his existence to a certain degree interwoven with hers, while she perhaps did not suspect that such a person as himself even existed.

So he saw her no more, though he now knew who she was. Her name was Carlotta. She supported herself by doing embroidery, going out early every morning and returning to her home in the evening. Giacomo was filled with admiration for this courageous and beautiful girl, who, though all alone in the world, for alone she certainly must be, as she received no visitors, should thus resist all the temptations that beset her pathway.

She had come to live in this house the preceding year. At first he had only thought of her as a pretty girl and no more. Then by degrees, living there beside her, he had ended by always thinking of her and by loving her with his whole heart. If she had only been willing to say a word or two to him or if on his side had only had the courage to speak, his declaration or rather his profession of faith would have been brief, but conclusive—thus, for instance:

"Signorina, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

But, then, alas, in order to offer his hand to the girl it was necessary that the hand should contain something, and Giacomo unfortunately had nothing. He was a painter, one of those artists who "live" in the end, but who at the time possessed no money and whose canvases found no purchasers, so that the poor boy had been compelled to sell his furniture in order to pay his rent. Nothing now remained save his bed and this wretched, shabby old cane chair that was only held together by a miracle and on which he was now seated, smoking and lending an ear to the slightest sound that proceeded from the other side of the wall.

As the blind who by the sense of touch alone can give an accurate description of the form of any object, thus Giacomo on hearing the rustle of Carlotta's gown against the furniture by her step, now advancing, now retreating, by the silence that from time to time succeeded sound, had at last come to "see" her, just as if she was really standing before him, and so would say to himself:

"Now she is setting the table."

"Now she is eating."

"Now she has finished."

"Now she is putting away the things."

And then it would seem to him that he was really sitting beside her contemplating her in silence.

Sometimes when seated as usual astride his chair—his observatory, as he called it—he would close his eyes and give free rein to his imagination.

"Who knows of what she may now be thinking?" he would then ask himself.

"Who knows that she may even suspect that I am here beside her? Ah, if she only knew how I loved her!" And the temptation would then seize him to make some disturbance in order to attract the

girl's attention, such as the discharge of a weapon like some make believe assassin, one who fires a revolver loaded with powder at a passing prince simply that people may talk about him. But the fear of displeasing her restrained him, and he preferred that she should never know that he loved her rather than to be sure that she would never care for him.

Then he fell to building castles in the air.

"It is impossible," thought he, "that she should never think of me at all. She knows that there is such a person as myself; that I live directly adjoining her. When she comes home, she can see that there is a light in my room through the door that I leave ajar. Like all women, she must have some curiosity and at times must surely ask herself what I am doing and why I never go out. Perhaps she has already noticed me notwithstanding my awkwardness, possibly precisely on that account. She may even have divined that I love her. She may expect me to declare myself, and, seeing that I dare not do so, perhaps she will make the first advances. But how can I manage that she shall not delay doing so?"

And Giacomo, still astride his chair, continued his reflections. Suppose he were to write her a letter and push it under the door? He had often thought of doing so. But, then, would the girl have read it? He had even admitted that she had, would not the very first words have wounded her? Should he try and get her to speak of some one? But of whom, then? They had no friend in common. No, no. All these means were decidedly objectionable or impossible. There was nothing to be done but to wait. But, oh, how long would he have to do so?

Meanwhile it was growing late, and Carlotta in her little room was making the needle fly rapidly. She had decided to finish the piece of work begun that night, and in order not to fall asleep she was singing.

Giacomo naturally sat up likewise, still in the same position, listening and mechanically keeping time with his body to the measure of the melody. When the tune was a slow one, all went well, but when it was accelerated his motions became dangerous, for the poor, trembling chair was constrained to execute gymnastics far beyond its strength. The repertory of the beautiful brocade was most extensive, and hours thus passed by, Giacomo truly enchanted with this concert which he was thus privileged to enjoy.

After awhile, however, the girl began to grow weary, and the grand airs which she had been singing from the first to the last notes were followed by fragments of songs interrupted now and again, while the tones of her voice grew lower and sweeter, and to cavatinas succeeded "romances" and "reveries." Giacomo, still seated upon his chair, was not getting drowsy, but continued to stay there, listening to the songs as in a sort of dream, mechanically keeping time by the swaying of his body to the measure of the music. Carlotta also was falling asleep, but then decided not to go to bed till her work was quite finished and so made a supreme effort to shake off the drowsiness that was overpowering her and in order to do so suddenly began to sing a waltz with all her might, "Waltz of the Roses," by Metra. Giacomo was now dreaming. Of course he was dreaming of waltzing and so moved himself about, keeping time to the music, but to this final proof of its strength the chair refused to respond and, with a fearful, screeching sound, gave way, dragging down in its fall the unfortunate cavalier.

This caused such a terrific crash that Carlotta, overcome with fright, uttered a loud cry, but Giacomo was silent, for the poor fellow in falling had struck his head against the bed and now lay stretched upon the floor in a deep swoon.

When he finally regained consciousness, he found himself lying on his bed with his head bandaged, and there beside him, watching over him while embroidering and seated upon a chair that was neither old nor shabby, he beheld a lovely young girl, and whom should it be but Carlotta! "How is this?" he exclaimed. "You here, signorina?"

"Yes, signor. Last night after the commotion caused by your fall, not hearing any further sound, I feared that some misfortune had befallen you and so came here and found you in a faint. Now, however, you are much better, and in a few days you will be quite yourself again. But, tell me, how in the world did you ever happen to fall off your chair in so strange a manner?"

Giacomo did not reply and blushed deeply. But women are quick to divine the sentiments that they inspire, and Carlotta was not long in reading the young man's heart.

And now Giacomo and Carlotta are husband and wife and as happy as it is possible to be in this world. Carlotta is no longer compelled to embroider. The sale of some of her husband's pictures, for he is now beginning to be known, is sufficient to provide for them both. They are living in a simple but pretty apartment tastefully furnished and are held in high esteem by all who know them.

One thing, however, causes their friends to wonder. In the place of honor, in the center of their tiny drawing room, there stands a great ugly cane chair which is in so rickety a condition that in order to maintain it in an upright position Carlotta has been compelled to bind it together with cords.—Translated from the Italian For New York Commercial.

One of Larry Jerome's Pranks.

Lawrence R. Jerome, known as Larry Jerome, was one of the best known of the old school of practical jokers and "men about town." With a friend Mr. Jerome was watching the progress of a real heart thriller of the old days, the plot, of course, revolving about the disposition of a mortgage that threatened to thwart the happiness of the heroine—the charming Mrs. John Hoey, in her day as popular as any actress of these times. With the plot at its thickest, the heroine in despair, the villain triumphant and the outlook in every way dark for the persecuted girl as the curtain was descending at the end of the third act. Larry Jerome, with tears rolling down his cheeks, rose from his seat and in most impassioned tones, his voice broken with sobs, but audible all over the house, exclaimed to his companion:

"By heaven, Tom, I'll pay that mortgage myself!"

Then this consummate old joker and clever actor strolled out into the lobby to enjoy one of the biggest sensations a first night audience at Wallack's had had in their lives. Incidentally, too, the ruse of Jerome's helped materially to the making of the play.—New York Times.

Spitfire.

She—He says he loves me, yet he has only known me two days.

Her Friend—Well, perhaps that's the reason, dear.

CALL 'EM UP.

Telephone Directory of Live Business Houses, Which Advertise in the Enterprise.

Below will be found a list of the Enterprise advertisers whose places of business or residences have a telephone connection. The list is published for the convenience of Enterprise readers, who may desire to communicate with these establishments.

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Simpson Bros., Main 1155; H. T. Welch & Son, pay station, 2133.

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WE MOVE QUICKLY and MOVE YOU QUICKLY.

Plano and Furniture Moving Specialty. Storage room for Furniture, Stoves, etc. We make two trips to Boston daily, first at 8.30. First team due from Boston at 1.30.

Boston Offices—36 Court St., 48 Chatham St. 17 Kingston St., order box, Faneuil Hall Market.

Arlington Offices—Cushing's Store at Heights Town Hall, corner Henderson Street, and McRowe's store.

WOOD BROS.' EXPRESS Residence at 677 Mass. avenue. ARLINGTON.

Have Your Horses Shod AT Mill Street Shoeing Forge, 26 Mill Street, ARLINGTON.

Special attention paid to Over-reaching and Interfering Horses.

Horses Shod by experienced workmen.

First-class work guaranteed. Horses called for and delivered. TELEPHONE 242-2.

CALL AT THE Mystic Street Waiting-Room FOR A Quick Lunch.

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For Candies, Fruit, Cold Sodas, with pure juices, and a GOOD DINNER

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Is Still in the Business, POST OFFICE BUILDING, ARLINGTON.

ALEXANDER BEATON, Contractor and Builder

PARK AVENUE, Arlington Heights.

ARLINGTON HARNESS CO. HORSE HARNESS STABLE CLOTHING SADDLERY OUTFITS

448 Massachusetts Avenue, ARLINGTON.

THE GRAVE OF KEATS.

I have beheld that grave with violets dim
 In the great Casars' city, where he sleeps,
 And over it a little laurel wreath,
 Fruited and leafed eternally for him.
 Not far away a pine, of sturdier limb,
 Leaf, flower and grass the mellow sunlight
 sleeps.

And this dear grave! Ah, how the eyes swim!
 The breath comes trembling, and the soul awakes!
 This moment I beheld a wondrous thing:
 These blossoms, stirring in the wind's light
 breath,

Do not they feel (above all violets blest)
 The eternal dust from whence they spring!
 —Edith M. Thomas in Scribner's Magazine.

In dreams that bordered close the sleep of death
 He felt the blowing flowers above his breast;
 This moment I beheld a wondrous thing:
 These blossoms, stirring in the wind's light
 breath,

Do not they feel (above all violets blest)
 The eternal dust from whence they spring!
 —Edith M. Thomas in Scribner's Magazine.

"VANESSA"

The Story of a Slight Misunderstanding.

"I did not see you down in Wadsworth wood last night, Harcastle!" said Henry James Dwight to his friend, leisurely lighting a cigar as he spoke.

"No, I have not been for a week or two. Last time I was down I took an old lady there."

"An old lady! Well, I've given over troubling myself about them now. What I am anxious about at present is that Camberwell beauty."

Rose Craven, the girl who was listening to this conversation from the other side of the clipped yew hedge, waited eagerly for the next remark. She had not realized, being a woman, that there was anything dishonorable in listening to the conclusion of a conversation, the commencement of which she had accidentally overheard.

She was especially anxious as to what she was to hear next, because she knew herself to be the girl from Camberwell—she had just quitted a school there—to whom her cousin and fiancé, Dwight, had referred. Certainly the allusion was flattering, and yet Rose Craven did not like the flippant tone in which it was spoken.

"Beautiful creature, that," said Harcastle enthusiastically, in response to his friend's remark. "What a lovely color!"

"Yes, altogether a charming thing. And worth quite a lot of money too."

"I understand so. Takes some catching, though."

"That's the difficulty—to make the catch," said Harry Dwight. "I have been trying for several months."

"Only one," murmured poor Rose to herself. She remembered, only too well, how long it was since her handsome cousin had come to stay at their farm. Dwight was a medical student, and his lengthy stay at Wadsworth Hall farm was due to the examinations for which he was preparing there in quiet. Harcastle was an acquaintance he had made in the neighborhood.

Rose Craven had indeed a lovely color as she turned away, and with cheeks blushing with anger walked slowly into the house. So this was how Harry talked of her—what Harry thought of her really! There was not a word of that beautiful sentiment he had spoken to her—not a word of love at all. She was a difficult catch, she was worth a lot of money, those were the things he said about her. She resolved to control herself and have no more to do with the man. Indeed, within an hour she had resolved to break off her engagement at once, and she hoped that her cousin would immediately quit the Hall farm if he did so.

Dwight was considerably astonished when he went in to tea at the change which had taken place in the behavior of Rose toward him. She sat silent and reserved throughout the meal, over which her aunt presided, and allowed Harcastle and her uncle, usually the most silent members of the party, to sustain the conversation. At the close of the meal she requested Dwight to grant her the favor of a few minutes' conversation, and together they walked down to the summer house at the bottom of the garden.

"Have I done something amiss, Rose?" said Dwight lightly as they entered.

"I can enter into no explanations with you, Mr. Dwight," replied Rose steadily. "I must beg you to ask none from me. I have only to request that you will release me from the engagement I entered into with you."

"Release you from our engagement," stammered Harry Dwight. "What do you mean, Rose? You cannot be in earnest."

"I am thoroughly in earnest."

"But whatever can your reasons be? I am not conscious of having done anything to offend you."

"I have my reasons, Mr. Dwight. I trust that you have enough of the gentleman about you to accede to my request without demanding explanations."

"But it is deuced hard on a fellow," protested Harry, "to be sent to the right about without a word of explanation."

"Nevertheless, I beg you to accept the situation."

"Of course," said Dwight brokenly, "if you give me no alternative, I must accede to your request for a release. But I cannot help thinking that there is some misunderstanding. If you know how I love you, Rose?"

"Mr. Dwight, I neither know nor desire to know what your feelings may be."

This answer naturally awakened some resentment in the mind of the young man. He attempted to expostulate, but Rose cut him short.

"Nothing is to be gained by discussing the matter further, Mr. Dwight," she said.

And realizing that such was the case, Harry quietly raised his hat and slowly and despondently returned to the house. The following morning he announced that he was about to leave the farm and that he would return to the city upon the following day.

It was a still, calm, altogether lovely evening on which Dwight set off for what he expected would be his last walk through Wadsworth wood—for some time at any rate. As usual, upon his solitary rambles, he carried the green net which marks the entomologist, for Harry was enthusiastic in his pursuit of that study. On that particular evening, however, it was questionable if the rarest moth that ever took wing would have succeeded in attracting his attention, for he was in a state of utter, abject and absorbed despondency.

Perhaps it was something of a coincidence that Rose, whose anger had evaporated and who was in a state of wretchedness as complete as Harry's own, should also be attracted out of doors by the cool of the evening and should also select Wadsworth wood as her destination. However that may be, the lovers met, in a place where they had often met before, just within the shade of the trees. On seeing Dwight, Rose's first impulse

was to return in the direction from which she had just come. She had retraced her steps a few yards, without speaking a word to the young man, when she heard his steps behind her, and in another moment an arm slipped around her waist. Harry Dwight had resolved to use to the utmost his influence in order to obtain an explanation from her.

"Mr. Dwight!" cried Rose indignantly. "I request you to desist at once from your impertinence."

The young man, perhaps encouraged by a suspicious trembling in the voice of the girl, did not in the least oblige his objectionable conduct.

"Rose, darling," he said without removing his arm, "don't be so cruel to me. I cannot bear to go away tomorrow leaving matters as they are at present. In God's sight, Rose, I can say that I have not done anything to make myself more unworthy of you than I have always known myself to be."

"That may be," rejoined the girl, "but I did not previously know how unworthy that was."

"Rose, Rose! Every word you say cuts me to the heart. I protest that I have nothing on my conscience. Rose, darling, remember all the walks we have had here at times, and for the sake of the memory of what we have been to each other give me the chance to explain away this misunderstanding."

Perhaps it was the sentimentality always produced in the mind of youth by a beautiful summer evening that led Rose to break the resolve she had made.

"Harry," she said, standing still, and in the dim light he could not perceive in her eyes the tears of which he could detect the presence through her voice. "Harry, I will tell you all, though it seems impossible to you that you should ever be able to explain it away. I have been judging you out of your own mouth. I overheard by accident the conversation between you and Mr. Harcastle yesterday. I was behind the hedge while you were speaking."

"I do not recollect what Harcastle and I were talking about," said Dwight.

"Oh, Harry! Don't make things worse by telling lies! You must recollect."

"On my honor I do not. Or, stay, I think we were talking about entomology. What was it you heard that upset you?"

The tone in which Dwight spoke was one of genuine surprise and innocence. For a moment Rose indulged in hope, and then, as the words she had overheard came back to her mind with freshness, she burst into sobs.

"You began by talking about this wood," she said. "Mr. Harcastle said something about taking an old lady here. Then you said, 'went on Rose tearfully, 'that what you were after now was the girl from Camberwell. And you said what a good catch I should be and what a lot of money I was worth. Oh, I overheard all your mean, mercenary talk!'"

And a sudden burst of anger almost choked the girl.

"Was that what I said?" queried the amazed Dwight. "Were those the very words I used?"

"Did I say 'That girl from Camberwell is worth a lot of money?'" said Dwight perplexedly.

"You did. Those were your words, I think. Or, stay, you said 'that Camberwell beauty,' and the way you said that was an insult."

But instead of being overcome by this information Dwight, to the utter surprise of Rose, burst into a peal of laughter.

"Vanessa Antipia!" he cried. "I swear, Rose, that I was talking about Vanessa Antipia!"

"Another girl?" cried Rose, with flashing eyes.

Harry Dwight's laughter was renewed. "No girl at all, Rose," he declared, "but merely a butterfly, the Camberwell beauty; Latin name, Vanessa antipia. I'll show it to you in Newman when we get back if you don't believe me. It is a rare insect, worth a good deal of money and difficult to catch, believe me."

And before Rose had time to decide whether she believed him or not she found that he had taken it for granted she did.—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

No New Women There.

It is extremely difficult for Chinese of the higher classes to find husbands for their daughters whose feet have attained the natural size. It is thought that women who desire unmarried feet are actuated by no honorable motive, the crippling making it difficult for them to go about and keeping them more closely at home than would be the case if they had full use of the stunted members.

Love between husband and wife as it exists among Christian people is unknown in China, and it is a subject that is not considered decorous to discuss.

Suicide is common among women of all classes, and, aside from grief after bereavement, unhappiness in marriage is the most common cause of such tragedies. Hundreds of wives, it is estimated, end their lives every year in Peking alone.

Beau Nash.

Beau Nash, who, like Beau Fielding and Beau Brummel, expelled his contemptible vanity in an old age of obscurity, want and misery, was reduced to strange expedients between 1695 and 1705. A favorite resource was the acceptance of extraordinary wagers. Being at York and having lost all his money, some of his friends promised to equip him with 50 guineas upon this proviso, that he would stand at the great door of the minister attired only in a blanket as the people were coming out of the church.

To this he agreed, but the dean passing out knew him. "What," cried the divine, "Mr. Nash in a masquerade!"

"Only a Yorkshire penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad company," said Nash, pointing to his companions.

The Fate of Temple Bar.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 27.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xlv, 1-15. Memory Verses, 4-7—Golden Text, Rom. xii, 21—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1-3. "There stood no man with him while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren." The story as told in the intervening chapters between the last lesson and this one is most fascinating in its detail of Joseph's dealings with his brethren, but especially in its foreshadowing of coming events in connection with the return of Christ and His revelation to His brethren. The first visit of Joseph to his brethren to buy corn, Benjamin being carefully kept at home lest evil might befall him, Joseph's recognition of his brethren, his trying them by calling them spies and putting them in ward three days, their remembrance of their sin and conversation concerning it in the presence of Joseph, whom they supposed did not understand their language, as he had spoken to them through an interpreter; his holding Simeon as a hostage till they should bring the others back with corn and each man's money secretly put in his sack and Jacob's pitiful cry when told that the ruler of Egypt would not see them again unless Benjamin was with them—this is all told in chapter xlii. Their second visit, taking Benjamin and double money (the returned money and money to buy more corn) and a present for the man, Joseph's reception of them and feast for them in his own house, with his special interest in and favor to Benjamin, are told in chapter xliii. Joseph's plan, seemingly, to retain Benjamin and the earnest and eloquent plea of Judah, who had become surety for Benjamin, are the topics of chapter xliii. Now follows in our lesson Joseph's revelation of himself to them.

4, 5. "And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come nearer to me I pray you." Nothing in his heart but love and pity and forgiveness for them as he yearns over them. He would take them to his heart and bless them, bidding them not to be grieved nor angry with themselves because of their past misconduct, assuring them that God had overruled it all for the good of many. His words, while comforting, were truly heart searching, for we cannot know the comfort of forgiveness in its fullness till we have seen and felt something of the enormity of our sin. To his "first words, 'I am Joseph,' he now adds, 'I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt.' There could be no mistaking this. He was the very same Joseph whom they had envied and hated and sold as a slave to the Midianites as they said, 'We shall see what will become of his dreams.'"

6, 7. "God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth and to save your lives by a great deliverance." We can hardly suppose that the hand of God was as plain to Joseph in all the events of the past years, in his slavery and imprisonment, as it was to him now looking back upon it from the glory to which he had been brought. We cannot see how all things are working together for our good as children of God, and we do not always consider that they work together according to His purpose to conform us to the image of His Son (Rom. viii, 28, 29), but as truly as Joseph could look back and see, not his cruel brethren, but God working out His purposes, so we shall find that no real evil has ever befallen us and that all enemies and all adverse circumstances have been really for us, for our good, under the controlling hand of God.

8. "So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God, and He hath made me a father to Pharaoh." Note the threefold "God sent me" (verses 5, 7, 8). We think of our Lord Jesus, who, when suffering so much from His enemies, saw not them, but His Father, and said, "The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?" (John xviii, 11). When Shimer cursed David and threw stones at him, David saw not Shimer, but God, and just left him to God to manage (II Sam. xvi, 5-13). It is blessed indeed to see God and not people or circumstances and believe that not a dog can move its tongue against us without God's permission (Ex. xi, 7). See also Isa. xli, 12, 13; liv, 17.

9-11. "Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt. Come down unto me; tarry not." This was the message to his dear old father urging him to come quickly with all his children and children's children and flocks and herds that Joseph might nourish and care for them. See the verses following the portion assigned for our lesson and note the interest Pharaoh took in bringing Jacob and all that he had down to Egypt, sending wagons for the wives and little ones and urging them to regard not their stuff, because the good of all the land of Egypt was theirs. Our Lord Jesus said in His prayer to His Father, when speaking of His disciples, "The glory which thou gavest Me I have given them" (John xvii, 22), and it is written in I Cor. xiii, 21-23, that all things are ours, but many heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ are so occupied with their stuff and the care of it that they neither see nor enjoy their riches in Christ.

12, 13. "Tell my father of all my glory in Egypt and of all that ye have seen." They probably found it difficult to believe their eyes, for it must have seemed too good and too wonderful to be true. When they arrived home and told their father, he believed them not until he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent. Then his spirit revived, and he said: "It is enough. Joseph, my son, is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die" (verses 26-28). As believers bearing testimony to Christ, His sufferings and His glory and our inheritance in Him, many will not believe unless they see some wagons, something in our lives to prove the truth of our words. We are to love and prove our love not by words only, but by the good works which He will work in us.

14, 15. The weeping and kissing and the communion afterward make us think of the welcome which the prodigal son received and the feast that followed. This is the fourth of the seven weepings of Joseph, two of which are in our lesson (verse 2 and here), two in chapter I and one each in chapters xlii, xliii, xli. They are worthy of particular study. Note also the three weepings of our Lord, at the grave of Lazarus, over Jerusalem and in Gethsemane, and consider that by His great humiliation and sacrifice He has made provision for the forgiveness and bringing near and everlasting care of all who come to Him.

LEXINGTON CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

CHURCH OF OUR REDEEMER, Episcopal.

Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m.; Sunday school, 9:45 a.m.; holy communion first and third Sundays of each month. FIRST PARISH UNITARIAN CHURCH. Rev. Carleton A. Staples, pastor, residence Massachusetts avenue, near Elm avenue. Services—Sunday, preaching 10:30 a.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Sewing circle every other Thursday. Young People's guild every Sunday evening in the vestry at 7 p.m.

FOLLEN UNITARIAN CHURCH, Massachusetts Avenue, near Pleasant, west, E. L.

Rev. Lorenzo D. Cochran, residence Locust avenue, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 10:45 a.m.; 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m. Follen Alliance, fortnightly, Thursdays, at 2 p.m. Follen guild meets 6:30 p.m., Sunday. Lend-a-Hand club and Little Helpers.

HANCOCK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the Common.

Rev. Charles F. Carter, pastor, residence, Hancock street. Services—Sunday, 10:30 a.m.; 7 p.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Week days, Y. P. S. C. E., Monday evening; prayer, Thursday, 7:45 p.m.

LEXINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH, Massachusetts Ave., near Wallis Place.

Rev. J. H. Cox, pastor, residence Waltham. Services—Sunday, preaching, 10:30 a.m.; 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Tuesday, 7:45 p.m.; Y. P. S. C. E., Friday, 7:45 p.m., prayer meeting. Branch, Emerson Hall, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 8 p.m.; Sunday school, 4 p.m.; Thursday evening, 7:45 p.m., prayer meeting.

ST. BRIDGET'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, Massachusetts Ave., near Elm Ave.

Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, pastor, residence near the church. Services—Alternate Sundays at 7 and 10:30 a.m.; vespers 4 p.m., every Sunday; Weekdays, mass at 8 a.m.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS, Simon Robinson Lodge.

Meets at Masonic hall, Town Hall building, second Monday of each month at 7:30 p.m.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Hancock street, corner Bedford street, second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

IMPROVED ORDER OF HEPTASOPHS, Lexington Conclave.

Meets at A. O. U. W. hall, second and fourth Wednesday evenings.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, George G. Meade Post 119.

Meets in Grand Army hall third Thursday of each month.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, Council No. 94.

Meets in Lexington hall, Hunt block, Massachusetts avenue, first and third Tuesdays of each month.

LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Meets in Corey hall second Tuesday evenings of winter months.

THE LEND-A-HAND OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Meetings second Tuesday in each month at 3 p.m., in the church vestry.

ART CLUB.

Meetings held Monday afternoons at members' residences, from November 1st to May 1st.

EAST LEXINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets first Monday each month at Stone building, East Lexington.

LEXINGTON MONDAY CLUB.

Meets in winter every week at homes of members. Membership limited to 15.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

Meetings held Monday evenings, at members' residences, from October 15 to May 15.

THE TOURIST CLUB.

Meetings held at members' houses, Monday, 2:30 p.m.

LEXINGTON FIRE ALARM.

LOCATION OF BOXES.

46 cor. Pleasant and Watertown streets.
47 cor. Waltham and Middle streets.
48 cor. Lincoln and School streets.
49 cor. Clark and Forest streets.
50 cor. Mass. avenue and Cedar street.
51 cor. Bedford street—No. Lexington depot.
52 Bedford street—opp. J. M. Reed's.
53 cor. Hancock and Adams streets.
54 cor. Ash and Isted streets.
55 cor. Woburn and Vine streets.
56 cor. Woburn and Lowell streets.
57 Lowell street near Arlington line.
58 Warren st. opp. Mrs. W. R. Monroe's.
59 cor. Mass. avenue and Woburn street.
60 cor. Bedford and Elm streets.
61 Mass. avenue and Perry road.
62 Mass. avenue opp. Village hall.
63 Mass. avenue and Pleasant street.
64 Mass. avenue opp. E. Lexington depot.
65 Mass. avenue and Sylvia streets.
66 Bedford street near Elm street.
67 Centre Engine House.
68 cor. Grant and Sherman streets.
69 cor. Merriam and Oakland streets.
70 Hancock street near Lexington avenue.
71 cor. Mass. and Elm avenues.
72 Chandler street opp. J. P. Prince's.
73 Mass. avenue near town hall.

PRIVATE BOXES.

561 Morrill estate, Lowell street.
562 Carhouse, Bedford st., No. Lexington.

DEPARTMENT SIGNALS.

Second alarm, repetition of first; general alarm, eleven blows; all out, two blows; brush fire, three blows followed by box number.

SPECIAL SIGNALS.

Test signal, one blow at 12 m.; no school signal, three blows repeated three times; police call, five blows three times; special signal, 22 five times from electric light station.

LOCATION OF WHISTLES, ETC.

Whistle at electric light station, bell on Follen church, East Lexington, taper at residence of chief engineer, taper at residence of first assistant engineer, taper at residence of second assistant engineer, taper at pumping station, taper at residence of Wm. B. Foster, police, taper at residence of C. H. Franks, police, taper at centre engine house, taper at East Lexington engine house, taper at residence of James E. Shelvey.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Before giving an alarm be sure a fire exists. Give the alarm at the nearest box. Pull the hook way down, only once, and let go.

Never give an alarm for a fire seen at a distance. Wait at the box, if possible, and direct the firemen to the fire.

Never give a second alarm for the same fire; all second alarms are given by the engineers or other persons in authority.

Never give an alarm for a brush fire unless buildings are in danger, but inform the engineers and they will take action to extinguish it.

Citizens are requested to inform themselves as to the location of keys. Signs over the boxes will give the necessary information.

CAUTION TO PERSONS HAVING KEYS.

Never open boxes except to give an alarm. You cannot remove your key until an engineer releases it, and it will then be returned to you.

Never allow the key out of your possession except to some responsible party, for the purpose of giving an alarm, and then see that it is returned.

If you remove from your place of residence or business, return the key to the chief engineer.

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INVENTED THE LOOM

THE "DRAW BOY" WHO REVOLUTIONIZED SILK WEAVING.

How Joseph Marie Jacquard Fought Poverty, Sickness, Sorrow and Reverses and Finally Won the Battle of His Busy Life.

Joseph Marie Jacquard will always be regarded as one of the foremost inventors in the textile world and his loom as one of the most brilliant of industrial inventions. Few have ever accomplished such a revolution in industry, and still fewer have by so doing alleviated the sufferings and improved the condition of their fellow laborers to the extent realized by Jacquard. Jacquard was in the full sense of the word a self made man of the people, and it is this fact that makes the study of his life particularly interesting to an American.

Born in Lyons July 7, 1752, son of a silk weaver, he assisted his father at the loom from his earliest years, acting as a "draw boy," as those workmen were termed who pulled the strings by which means the warp was manipulated on the old looms so as to weave figured goods. Here he became familiar with all the woes of the "draw boy's" life, and so deeply did they impress themselves on his mind that the desire to do away with this drudgery continued to be his leading thought throughout life. The boy's health gave way at the loom, so he was apprenticed to a bookbinder and later to a type founder. But the demon of inventive genius had already seized upon him, and he spent most of his time in tinkering and was regarded as hopelessly lazy by those around him.

When Jacquard was twenty years of age, his father died, leaving him a small patrimony, with which the young man began weaving broadens on his own account and soon after married. But he devoted most of his time to tinkering around on his looms, and this, with his inexperience, brought about his business failure within a few years.

Silk industry being at a low tide, young Jacquard had to accept work in a lime-kiln, while his wife found employment in plaiting straw hats.

In 1790 the idea of a loom that would do away with the "draw boys" assumed definite shape in Jacquard's mind, but his extreme poverty rendered it impossible for him to construct a model at that time. However, he did not despair, and a copy of "Poor Richard's Almanac," which came into his hands about this time, encouraged him all the more to persevere and to try to triumph in spite of his poverty.

Domestic afflictions now overwhelmed him. Having enlisted in the army for the national defense with his young son, he saw the latter fall at his side in an engagement on the Rhine. Returning to Lyons Jacquard arrived just in time to be at the deathbed of his wife.

He was employed as day laborer in a factory and devoted his evenings with great zeal to the modeling of his favorite idea. Most of the work was done with a jackknife. In 1800 his loom was finished. A model sent to the industrial exposition in 1801 brought him a bronze medal and a call to Paris to repair the looms of the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers at a salary of 3,000 francs per annum. While there he saw the loom with which Vancanson had vainly tried to solve the question which occupied Jacquard, and from this loom our inventor gained some new ideas. He returned to Lyons and after two years' faithful work succeeded in bringing forth a loom which effectively solved the difficulty and enabled a single weaver to weave figured goods. The government at once granted him a pension of 3,000 francs and a royalty of 50 francs per loom.

To understand exactly the value of this invention it must be borne in mind that up to this time the weaving of figured goods required from five to ten workmen to each loom, most of them being employed in pulling the strings, by which means the warp was opened for the passage of the shuttle. A string had to be drawn for every passage of the shuttle. Thus the "draw boys" had to work rapidly. The pulling was heavy, necessitating a strained position and requiring the most painful exactness, as a single mistake would mar the figure. For this clumsy apparatus of strings and pedals, requiring the attention of a number of workmen, Jacquard substituted a contrivance as simple as ingenious, enabling a single workman to execute the most complex patterns as easily as plain goods. Not only were the "draw boys" dispensed with, but the goods were made with a finish and exactness which before were not even dreamed of.

However, in spite of Jacquard's complete success, his loom was neither generally taken up by manufacturers at once nor the invention hailed with delight by the weavers. Every new loom threw four or more workmen out of work. Even the "draw boys" preferred a life of torture and deformity to starvation. Jacquard was publicly assaulted by his enraged fellow workmen and almost precipitated into the Rhone. Even the consuls des prud'hommes at one time ordered the destruction of the new loom to appease the wrath of the weavers. But Jacquard's loom, like every truly great invention, was bound to triumph, and by 1812 it had firmly established itself throughout the Lyons workshops.

Numerous lucrative offers were now made Jacquard from abroad, particularly from England, but he preferred remaining in Lyons, giving himself up entirely to his native town. Later on he purchased a small estate at Oullins, near Lyons, where he died Aug. 7, 1834, aged eighty-two years.

It may be said that to Jacquard's invention is due not only the greatness of Lyons in the silk world, but the tremendous expansion of the silk industry the world over as well. Its influence has, however, not been confined to the silk world, the weaving of cotton, linen, wool, jute, etc., having been effected almost as much as that of silk.

Not to Be Desired.

"My dear," said Mrs. Parvenu in her superior way, "I am surprised to see you eating that breakfast food."

"But I like it," protested the unsophisticated Mr. Parvenu, "and why shouldn't I eat it? It's strengthening, and the manufacturers make great claims for it."

"They claim," said Mrs. Parvenu severely, "that it makes 'good red blood,' to use their own words."

"Well, isn't that what we all want?" asked Mr. Parvenu.

"James," said Mrs. Parvenu, "I'm surprised at you. You know as well as I do that what we want is aristocratic blue blood."—Pearson's.

A CHANGE OF COATS

WHAT IT MEANT ON ONE OCCASION TO THE GREAT HERRMANN.

A Mistake Which Put the Magician In a Perspiration Till He Got His Trick Out Of His Manager's Back and Upon His Own.

Remembrances of Alexander Herrmann have a variety, for the magician was a practical joker and didn't hesitate to practice sleight of hand anywhere with friends who were close to him. In many cases the victims of cigars loaded with feathers, coin that was substituted for others and the mysterious disappearances of scarfpins and trinkets too often awaited Herrmann's pleasure as to reappear upon their rightful owners, and a bottle of wine was generally Herrmann's apology.

All these tricks were good things, in a show way, for Herrmann, and he made his boast that he couldn't be "bothered" by any circumstances. He had a test for it once, during his first appearance at the Academy of Music in this city, and his business manager was the unwitting cause.

An afternoon had been spent at Bellevue hospital, where, at the instance of big Tom Brennan, a performance had been given for the amusement of the patients. Herrmann had played all kinds of tricks, and some of them in the wards, where, as he had once studied surgery in France, he found much of interest. A poor little fellow who had been severely injured by burns claimed his attention, and the medicine he was to take and whimperingly demurred at had been given him hidden in an orange, after Herrmann had apparently thrown the bottle out of the window. He had puzzled some of the convalescents by his tricks up in the arena, and the business manager, who had carried rouleaux of dollars, packs of cards, closely packed balls of flowers and lots of other things in his pockets, had nothing left in them save his own possessions, and it was hurry back to the Academy for the evening's performance.

Herrmann was a stickler for etiquette to an audience, and the dress suit was deemed a necessity alike for the manager and magician, the dress suits of both being in Herrmann's dressing room.

There were a big house and a big programme, and just before its beginning the manager had gone across the street, with a nod to the boxkeeper of where he was. Soon there was a quick demand for his return to the Academy—a boy from the sceneroom, in breathless tones simply said, "Herrmann wants you!" and was gone, like one of the magician's spirits when the lights were turned away from the mirror in which they were shown.

Everything seemed all right at the Academy. Herrmann had evidently broken into his programme and mixed it up. His feather trick and his flag trick had not been given, and he was and had been throwing cards since the curtain rose.

Everywhere in the Academy cards were scattered—away up in the gallery, across the orchestra seats, up in the balcony, and upon the table on the stage were enough packs of cards to start a stationery store. Herrmann was nervous. He was unlike himself and every once in awhile wiped the perspiration from his face. Even his turned back cuffs were away, and as the business manager started to go to the back there was a fusillade of cards directly at him, and so fast and so unerringly thrown that it was quite a matter of safety to dodge them.

He put up his hands toward Herrmann to desist. More cards, and thrown with all the magician's force, till the audience applauded again and again, and the man with the key to the side door in his hand turned back toward the front of the house.

"No, no! Come on, come on! Quick, quick!" shouted Herrmann, still throwing cards. "Your life won't be safe till you get back here to me! Den I make you disappear, eh?"

He pointed frantically toward the rear of the lower box, and his voice suddenly became calm, as usual, and he whispered, confidentially to the audience: "The more you look the more you don't see nothing! Eh?"

Once out of view and at the prompt side of the stage there was rough handling of the innocent manager by Herrmann's dresser. With no gentle motions the coat was taken from his back and held up so that Herrmann could see it as he came up the platform leading to the stage from the aisle in the parquette, and with the grace of a dancing master Herrmann made a slight bow to the house, stepped aside into the wings, and the dress coat was torn from his shoulders, ruining the garment, while a moment after, wearing the other one, he was again at work.

This time it was the feathers and the flowers and the flags, and the man seemed to be changed. All nervousness was gone, his voice had come back to him, and the speed of his action was remarkable. He kept it up till the intermission and then to the business manager made the explanation.

"That's what comes from one man's coat fitting another man like a glove! You had my coat with all the things in it, and I didn't know it till the music stopped. But that trunk full of cards helped me out. I'll treat you to supper and a new dress suit, but don't give the boys the story, for the public don't know what a coat can hold sometimes."—New York Times.

Contradictory.

A young novelist describing the heroine of her story says: "She had large, sky blue eyes, between which her fine nose rested like a tiny white cloud, and above which her golden hair hung in bewitching little bangs which were nature's gift unaided by the curling tongs. She had a cherry mouth, full of pearls, teeth, and dainty pink ears. Dainty dimples gave pliancy to an otherwise mobile face, in which there was a constant play of emotions changing from grave to gay. And yet Sibyl Ethelwynd Hetherington was not beautiful."

Why They Gush.

"But his letters are so gushing," they protested to the fair young thing who was corresponding with a sentimental youth.

"I know they are," she said

NILEUS WINS THE RACE.

The Five Allerton Colts Now Owned by A. H. Parker as Result of Three Heats at Combination Park.

The novel race of the five Allerton colts at Combination park, Saturday, which was of more than usual interest to local sporting men, was won easily by Nileus, owned by A. H. Parker, who, according to the terms of the contest, is the owner of the losers. While the conditions were not favorable for fast racing, interest was at a high tide. No professional trainer had been allowed to handle the colts and their respective owners had counted the minutes when they would either win or lose all.

The money taken as track and gate receipts was to be divided equally between the five subscribers to the agreement, no pacing foot or filly to compete, and each subscriber to actually exercise and drive his purchase for full four weeks prior to the race date.

The partisans of each owner were present in force, and a great deal of enthusiasm was manifested over the result of each heat.

County Commissioner Levi S. Gould, ex-Mayor of Melrose, acted as starter, and the judges were Edward S. Farmer, chairman of the board of selectmen of Arlington, S. W. Parlin, of Boston, editor of the Horse Breeders' Gazette, and W. R. Sherburne, a prominent citizen of Lexington.

The match race between Lady Weeks and Ralph Hanks was the first event in the first heat the mare took the lead from the start and won out easily, leading all the way around. In the second heat Lady Weeks took the pole, but Ralph Hanks footed it out so well that he cut the lead down to a neck in the stretch.

The free-for-all pace brought out six starters. Lexington won in three straight heats and had no great trouble in so doing.

Nileus, driven by A. H. Parker, had everything his own way in the Shaw-shen race. His owner handled him to perfection, and the prize was never in danger of getting away from him. In the first heat some difficulty was experienced in getting the colts away, but gradually they quieted down after the field had broken several times, and Nileus passed under the wire in third place, but was set back for crowding.

The second heat was a procession until the wire was reached, when Alderman pushed his nose over in third place, ahead of Nessons, who had led him by a length and a half all around the track. The third heat was by far the worst of the lot. Four of the horses broke after getting off and galloped around the track, leaving Nileus and Nessons to fight it out. Peters got Nessons down a few feet from the wire and pushed him between the posts, making him look as if the finish was a close one. It was only by good driving on the part of A. H. Parker that a collision and spill were avoided. The summary:

Match Race.
100 sweepstakes, mile heats, best 2 in 3.
Lady Weeks, bm. by Jesuit (Time 1:11)
Ralph Hanks, g. by Ralph Wilkes (Walker) (Time 1:11)
Free-for-All Pace.
100 purse, half-mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Lexington, bl. g. (W. O'Neill) (Time 1:11)
Genevieve, b. m. (Lockwood) (Time 1:11)
Tony G. b. g. (Ralston) (Time 1:11)
Young Clon, b. g. (McGinnis) (Time 1:11)
Journeyman, b. g. (O'Neill) (Time 1:11)
Special Pur. ch. g. (Sterling) (Time 1:11)
Shawshen River Farm Stake.
For Allerton foals of 1899, half-mile heats, best 3 in 5, owners to drive; winner to take all the colts.
Nileus, b. c. (A. H. Parker) (Time 1:11)
Nessons, bl. f. (Parker) (Time 1:11)
Nileus, b. c. (F. S. Parker) (Time 1:11)
Nileus, b. c. (H. L. Alderman) (Time 1:11)
Nessons, bl. f. (F. R. Peters) (Time 1:11)
Time: 1:22, 1:22, 1:21.

CHARGED WITH LARCENY.
Charles L. Talbot, of Broadway, Arlington, was arrested Sunday, charged with larceny of \$11 from Dr. J. I. Peatfield, dentist, who was in the office at the place but a few minutes before the arrest, and the quick work was done by Chief of Police Harriman and Officer Hooley. At the preliminary hearing at the district court, Monday, the defendant asked for a continuance, and was held until today in \$200 bonds. Sunday afternoon, three men, the defendant included, went to the office of Dr. Peatfield, as one of the number wished to have a tooth extracted. After coming out of the office, they visited the drug store of C. W. Grossmith, on the corner of Myrtle and Talbot avenues, and purchased 25 cents' worth of cigars.

In the meantime, Dr. Peatfield had missed \$11 from his pocketbook, which was in a coat pocket in the reception room, and suspecting some one of the three men, hurried into in search of them. He reported his loss to the police, and Officer Hooley started to find the suspected ones. He located them near the district court, where he and Chief Harriman gave them a rigid examination. Two of the men were allowed to go, for they gave satisfactory answers to the questions asked, but Talbot was held after a clerk at Grossmith's identified him as the man who had bought the cigars and had tendered in payment a \$10 bill. Dr. Peatfield had a \$10 and a \$1 bill in his pocket. Talbot's person was found \$10.25. This was believed to be sufficient evidence to hold him, and he was locked up. Later he was released on bail. The defendant had borne a good reputation and had been employed at Wetherbee's bicycle and jewelry store. He says he will be able to clear himself from the charge.

TRADING STAMPS.

The trading stamp concerns are making vigorous efforts to establish themselves in this state, but one of the noticeable features of their operations is their inability to force the better class of merchants to use their stamps. This class of traders has steadily refused to enter into the stamp scheme. In other states where the stamps have been used it is said that the stamp companies have been more successful in contracting with merchants on the verge of bankruptcy or with those who for some reason or other are unable to establish a profitable business than with the well established merchant whose business returns him a fair profit.

While this may not be true of their operations in this state, still from the complaints received from merchants known to be in excellent standing, who say that they have no patience with the stamp proposition, it would appear that the most profitable field for the stamp concerns will be among merchants who do not fully comprehend the scheme or who are unable to establish a profitable business. As to the matter of "forcing" merchants to use the stamp it appears that at least some of the stamp solicitors use the argument that a merchant cannot do without stamps if he does not and that this will result in a considerable loss of business to him.

The argument has little weight with those who understand and just about those who are expected to come from using the stamps, but undoubtedly many are induced to use them against their will, doing it simply as a matter of self-protection. Experience with the trading stamps teaches that this fear is unfounded. Both the merchant who adopts the trading stamp from fear that he will lose business, and the one who does it with the idea that his business will be increased by using them, is destined to disappointment. (Banker and Tradesman.)

Mrs. E. Nelson Blake, of the Maples, held a reception Saturday afternoon, at her home, 125 W. 3rd St., for the benefit of the fair. The affair was in the nature of a farewell reception to Mrs. Farmer, who will remove to Brookline, where Mr. Farmer has purchased a handsome estate. There was a large attendance.

ARLINGTON ON LOCALS.

Station Agent Fred W. Morrow, of the Arlington railroad station, has been awarded the honor of his first prize in the local display at the depot in the Boston & Maine railroad competition.

Today will be the last day of registration previous to the November election. The board of registrars will be in session in its rooms in town hall from 12 m. to 10 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Chandler Sampson, of Boardman, Fla., will spend the winter here at their residence on Willow place. The marriage of Miss Ella Beatrice Butler to Lieut. Frederick W. Stoford, U. S. A., will be Wednesday evening, Nov. 27. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Turner, of Jason street. A large number of invitations has been issued.

Wm. E. Wood, of Wm. T. Wood & Co., ice factory, spent last week in Buffalo, returning Saturday, and is now there again, to remain through next week, attending to business of the company, connected with the closing days of the exhibition. The exhibit of the company has attracted the attention of a large number of people and has undoubtedly been a substantial means in advertising their manufactures to the many ice men who have visited the fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Wood left Wednesday for a few days' outing at Buffalo and Niagara Falls. The regular monthly meeting of the Arlington Veteran Firemen's association will be Friday evening at 8 o'clock, at Veteran hall. It will be the beginning of a series of social meetings for the winter season.

The annual supper and entertainment of the Samaritan society connected with the Universalist church will be held on the evening of Tuesday Nov. 5. Besides a good supper and a good time, there will be speeches by prominent laymen and ministers.

Mrs. W. E. Parker, who has been spending a few weeks with Mrs. Anna W. Martin, 90 Teel street, has returned to her home in Bridgeport, Conn.

A public meeting for the exposition of the principles and objects of the Independent Order of Good Templars, is to be held in Knights of Columbus hall, Wednesday evening, Nov. 6. The I. O. G. T. is not a benefit order, but is the world's temperance organization. It is a place where young and old, of both sexes, may meet for the study and promotion of the cause of temperance. It is a place where the members are united in an amicable and it is hoped that a lodge may be instituted in the town.

Miss Clarabelle Somers, of Massachusetts avenue, has accepted a position as operator in the telephone exchange to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss M. Wheeler. She will begin work at Bethel lodge, I. O. O. F., exemplified the work of the second degree Wednesday evening.

Miss Edith E. Teale was a bridesmaid at a Somerville wedding Tuesday.

Beatrice J. Gordon, aged one year, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Gordon, of 22 Massachusetts street, died last week Friday of pneumonia. Interment was at North Berwick, Me.

In a pool contest at the barber shop of T. M. Caniff, a record of 14 balls, including the break won a box of cigars for Frank Burns this week. John Sefton was the winner of 50 cigars, the second prize for a run of ten.

The selectmen will meet this evening to draw up a warrant for the November town meeting.

Two Lexington & Boston street cars were run through Arlington early Sunday morning to Sullivan square to see if the tracks would admit their being run regularly. It was found that the cars could not pass over the curves and unless the tracks are re-laid it will not be safe to run them, as was hoped for.

Edward H. Jackson, night clerk at Grand View hotel, son of the late George Russell Jackson, the humorist, is visiting his sister, Mrs. E. J. Kelly, of Bacon street, and brother, William T. Jackson, of Massachusetts avenue.

The regular meeting of the Arlington historical society will be at the hall on Pleasant street, Tuesday evening. Rev. Harry P. Flister will read a paper on the "History of the Universalist Society."

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. John D. Dreyer, of 24 Orchard place, last Saturday.

The hours for instruction in the physical culture class of Miss Maude E. Harriman at G. A. R. hall will be Tuesdays from 4:15 to 5:15 p. m., and Saturdays from 10 to 11 a. m. The first lesson begins Tuesday.

William Bendix has been engaged by the police association to furnish the orchestra for the police ball, Wednesday evening, Nov. 6.

Rev. S. C. Bushnell, pastor of the Congregational church, will deliver a lecture on "The History of the Universalist Society," at the exercises at Yale college the past week. Both these gentlemen are graduates of that institution.

William K. Hutchinson attended the anniversary observance at the Deerfoot crematory, Thursday.

It will be very gratifying to know of the somewhat improved condition of Michael Lowe, who was so badly injured by an electric car two weeks ago. Talbot was held after a clerk at Grossmith's identified him as the man who had bought the cigars and had tendered in payment a \$10 bill. Dr. Peatfield had a \$10 and a \$1 bill in his pocket. Talbot's person was found \$10.25. This was believed to be sufficient evidence to hold him, and he was locked up. Later he was released on bail. The defendant had borne a good reputation and had been employed at Wetherbee's bicycle and jewelry store. He says he will be able to clear himself from the charge.

A birthday party was given Thursday evening at 8 o'clock by Miss Mary Martin at the residence of James M. Beers, 429 Massachusetts street. Games were played and there was a musical program including piano selections by Miss Oceana Marsters and Harry Collins. Miss Margaret Doherty was the most successful in pinning a tail on a donkey and thereby was given a souvenir.

Those present were: Miss Mary Martin, Miss Oceana Marsters, Miss Margaret Doherty, Miss Clara Turner, Ernest Beers, Herbert Cook, Harry Collins, Walter Belyea, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Beers. Refreshments were served. The birthday gifts were given Miss Martin.

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Mrs. W. A. Durgin, of Lake street, gave a reception to a select party of 5 to 7, to Mrs. Nellie M. Farmer. A large number of friends were present.

N. J. Hardy and O. W. Whittemore returned last Saturday from a successful hunt in the Maine woods.

Woman's Relief corps 43 was inspected Thursday by Mrs. Warner, of Waltham.

The twenty-first wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams, of Belknap street, was observed with a reception Tuesday evening.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

Services at the church on Academy street, tomorrow: Morning prayer and sermon, 10:30; even song and sermon, 7:30. The pastor, Rev. James Yeames, will preach at each service.

The Young men's society will meet at the parish house, Tuesday evening at 8 for debate.

The Girls' Friendly society meets Wednesday at 7:45 p. m.

The ladies of the parish are preparing for a tea to be held in December. Sewing meetings are held at the parish house, Maple street, on Wednesday afternoons.

Friday next is All Saints' day. There will be a celebration of the holy communion at the church at ten o'clock.

AMATEURS ON THE STAGE.

A great success was scored Tuesday evening in the choral and vaudeville entertainment given in the Arlington town hall by St. Agnes' church. The hall was filled, and the entertainment was well appreciated. The program opened with a very laughable farce, "Twenty Minutes for Refreshments," the cast comprising Philip A. Hendricks, Frank Burns, John Hendricks, James H. Ford, Miss Josie E. Lash, Miss Julia Dacey and Miss Sadie Cohen. A selection, "Forget-Me-Not," by Baier, was sung by a mixed quartet, comprising Miss Harriet L. Colbert, soprano, Mrs. H. B. Boucher, alto, Miss Margaret Curtis, tenor, and James P. Donnelly, bass. Selected readings were finely given by Miss Mabel A. Grey. An amusing comedy skit, "The Typewriter," given by Miss Daisy and Miss Marguerite Curtis, showed talent of no mean order and merited the applause given. The choruses, "Nursery Rhymes," by Custance, and "The Morning," by Custance, and the ballad of "St. Agnes' church," a soprano solo, "For ever and a Day," was finely given by Miss Sadie Cohen, who also sang "Beulah," the "Garden of Eden," and "Queen of the Earth" in solo voice.

The entertainment part ended with a most laughable piece, entitled "Twenty Minutes for Refreshments." The program was picked up and put together by Dr. F. H. Clock and Herbert J. Kidder, of Arlington, well known in amateur theatricals. Dr. Clock impersonated a weary Will and his songs and jokes were most original, several local hits being much appreciated by the audience. Miss Gertrude Ward, as a girl who is up to date, and Herman A. Clock, as the policeman, were all that could be desired. All were obliged to respond to several encores in their songs and dances. The music of the affair was under the direction of Miss Lucy J. Butler, musical director, who, with her orchestra, was stage manager, and "Will Varney," director of the orchestra. After the entertainment dancing was indulged in until the early morning hours.

Philip A. Hendricks, who was the most successful in pinning a tail on a donkey and thereby was given a souvenir. Those present were: Miss Mary Martin, Miss Oceana Marsters, Miss Margaret Doherty, Miss Clara Turner, Ernest Beers, Herbert Cook, Harry Collins, Walter Belyea, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Beers. Refreshments were served. The birthday gifts were given Miss Martin.

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Arlington Heights.

William P. Hadley is off in the Maine woods hunting large game and enjoying a snow storm.

J. R. Mann leaves this week for his yearly hunting and fishing trip in the Pine Tree state.

Arlington's voting list was lengthened by several votes Monday evening.

John Murdoch, of Hartford, is spending a few days with his sisters, Mrs. Edmund W. Wamaker and Mrs. Walter Jardine, of Forest street.

A few days ago two gentlemen performed the perilous feat of climbing to the top of the steeple. They were amply repaid, no doubt, by the magnificent view at that height. Boston and its suburban towns and cities on one side and directly opposite to be seen the lofty peaks of New Hampshire mountains.

Thursday evening, the Young Men's League connected with the Arlington Heights Baptist church, held a social with one of the members, Richard S. Streeter, at his residence, 49 Claremont avenue. Invitations were extended to several young ladies who were present.

Games were played, singing and piano playing were rendered, and all seemed to have a pleasant time. A collation was served. About 25 were present. This is the beginning of a series of social affairs which may be held this winter.

Wednesday evening the Sunshine club gave a Moonshine party to the gentlemen at the home of Mrs. Ingelton Schenck, of Appleton street. There were eight tables at which, which was the feature of the evening. The prize winners were: Mr. Whittaker, first gentlemen's, a framed water color painting; Mr. Brown, second gentlemen's, a picture; Mrs. W. A. Lloyd, second ladies', a china plate; Mrs. Oakes Bixby, consolation prize, a china hair receiver. Light refreshments were served later in the evening, and the younger portion rounded up the evening with dancing.

Miss Grace Dwyer's dancing class opened yesterday afternoon in Union hall.

Mrs. William Piper has returned to her home on Florence avenue from Chocoma, N. H.

Miss Emily Sweet returns to her winter home at the Heights from Hiram, Me., next Friday.

Mrs. F. C. Pinkham, of Brooklyn, N. Y., spent a few days visiting at the Heights. She left Wednesday.

George L. Stevens, wife and daughter have moved to Boston to spend the winter.

Ginn & Co., in Cambridge, is seriously ill. It is feared he is threatened with typhoid fever.

The brook under Park avenue, near the passenger station, which has been filling up with gravel for several years by the washings from the gutters, is being cleaned out, and two men have been employed to the greater part of the week on the job.

Telephone wires are soon to be laid under the railroad bridge on Park avenue, and Thursday conduits were laid under the wooden planks.

The house of Mrs. Nellie Farmer is receiving a few coats of paint.

Merrick L. Streeter, who is at the Colby classical institute at Waterville, Me., has been appointed assistant manager of the Clarion, the school paper.

William McKenzie and Miss Minnie McKenzie returned this week from a few days at the Pan-American exposition to be held in Philadelphia.

The food sale at the home of Mrs. C. T. Parsons, of Claremont avenue, Saturday afternoon, under the auspices of the Sunshine club was a genuine success. There was a large number present and the food was sold in record time for about \$12. The affair was from 3 to 6 p. m. The club expects to hold similar sales at least once a month.

The meeting of the Sunshine club next week, will be Tuesday, with Mrs. W. O. Partridge, of Claremont avenue, as hostess.

Henry Lamson, of Tanager street, has returned home after a two weeks' vacation.

Edward Shirley & Son are building a house for George Mead, of Pine street.

William Millett is opening up a tract of land recently bought of Thomas Kenney, near Pine street.

Miss Margaret McDonald spent a few days with Miss Harry Brandburg, last week. Miss McDonald is now residing in West Roxbury.

The L. B. C. club meets at Mrs. C. H. Bartlett's, 115 Westmain avenue, this afternoon, at 2:30. All members are requested to be present.

The "Shining Lights" society intends to hold an entertainment and drama soon. Further notice will be given later.

Under the direction of Mrs. Marion McBride, a Paul Revere celebration will be held today at 3 o'clock, at the Old Mile road, on Vine street, if the weather is not ant; if stormy, at the Congregational church, Park avenue and Vine street. Leave cars at Park avenue. There will be singing by pupils of the public schools, and well known speakers will deliver addresses. Vine street is one on which Revere travelled during his famous ride, and a petition signed by Mrs. McBride and a large number of others of the town before the town asking the name of the street be changed to Paul Revere road. The program is as follows: Opening prayer, by Rev. John G. Taylor; singing, "America;" "Artistic Impressions of Paul Revere;" Cyrus E. Dalin, music; "Historical Links;" Edward McGlennan, Boston; music; "Sunshine and Shadow of a Century;" Nixon Waterman, music; "Our Guardians and Defenders;" The G. A. R.; Chorus, "Paul Revere." Short speeches will be made by invited guests.

PARK AVENUE CHURCH.
The chorus sang for the first time at Park Avenue church, last Sunday, greatly to the delight of the audience. Hereafter it will sing regularly under the leadership of William E. Lloyd.

The pastor led the Endeavor meeting Sunday evening, and gave an interesting address on "Selling One's Birtwright."

Tomorrow morning Rev. John G. Taylor exchanges with Rev. Charles F. Carter, of Lexington.

Wednesday will be a great day at Park Avenue church, it being the day of the installation of Rev. John G. Taylor as pastor of the church. A council of thirty churches will meet at 3:30 in the afternoon, when Mr. Taylor will read a statement of belief, and in the evening, at 7:30, the installing services will be held. Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D. D., of Cambridge, will preach the sermon; other notable men will make addresses, and the chorus will sing. The public is cordially invited to these meetings, especially to the evening service.

Some fifteen teachers from the Sunday school have joined Miss Kinsman's Bible study class at the Cambridge Y. M. C. A. rooms.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS BAPTIST CHURCH.
The service to be held at the Arlington Heights Baptist church, tomorrow evening, at 7:30, promises to be one of unusual interest, especially to the Endeavorers of both churches at the Heights, who at this time are to hold a religious conference. F. W. Stedman, man, who for the past five years has been a missionary in Korea, will address the meeting and tell of the work in that far-away land. Those who heard Stedman's address before he went away, will be glad of another opportunity of meeting with him and hearing him again. The Endeavorers of both societies are preparing special music, and are putting forth every effort to make the service both interesting and profitable to all who attend, and they will be glad to see any and all who can come and meet with them.